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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1887.

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## WHY SHE KILLED HIM.

MRS. HEGENER OF ST. PAUL MINN., IS BRUTALLY ASSAULTED BY HER TRADUCER MURPHY WHOM SHE AFTERWARDS SHOOT'S WITH A REVOLVER.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

**POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
**SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1887.**

### "PARIS UNVEILED."

In next week's **POLICE GAZETTE** will appear the opening chapter of "Paris Unveiled," a translation made expressly for this paper of the extraordinarily sensational work just issued in Europe by G. Maco, late Chief of the Paris Secret Police.

### OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

In this issue we treat our hundreds of thousands of readers to an Easter present in the shape of a new dress of type. The best in existence is none too good for the honest people who appreciate the lead we take in American journalism, and help us to establish the proposition that the best, most fearless and most square-dealing paper published in the world comes out of the office of the **POLICE GAZETTE**. It is not an easy or an immediate matter to replace the type which has done good service with new substitutes. We have taken our time over it, and the result is that, as everybody who sees it will enthusiastically proclaim, the **POLICE GAZETTE** never turned to its friends as well as to its foes a brighter or a better face than it does to-day.

But Richard K. Fox always takes the advice of the apostles and, following that advice, he is never weary of well-doing. And that is why, not content with the new dress of type and the other mechanical improvements which he presents to his friends and supporters, he begins the season of spring with other additions and developments of enterprise.

First and foremost, next week there will be commenced in the **POLICE GAZETTE** a version, expressly translated and adapted for him by a well-known writer, of a book which has made an almost unparalleled sensation in the capitals of Europe. It is entitled "The Joli Monde," which being interpreted means "A Nice Crowd," and is a thrilling and sensational exposure of the crooks and criminals of Paris. As these latter are the most dextrous and celebrated in the world, and come from every nation under the sun, some most incredible and astounding facts are revealed about them. The author of the book is M. G. Maco, who resigned his situation as Chief of the Secret Service of Paris to write it. His revelations are not the mere sensational fictions of penny-a-line reporters, but transcripts from official records, and are all verified by official documents.

The version published in the **POLICE GAZETTE** will be the only accurate, complete and authorized one made in the English language.

In addition to this interesting and sensational novelty, the **POLICE GAZETTE** will give exceptional space and liberal encouragement to all the games and exercise appropriate to summer. Its baseball page, which has every year proved so marvellously popular a feature, will be conducted on an even higher and more expensive scale. The national game will be treated in the most copious and exhaustive manner, and illustrated accurately and abundantly. It is safe to believe, as well as predict, that no matter how keen the competition may be, no publication in America will score such a hit in its treatment of baseball during the summer as that which will be once more achieved by the **POLICE GAZETTE**.

Another summer sport to which Richard K. Fox will lend all the developing influence of his enterprise and encouragement will be aquatic. The magnificent sculling trophy which he offers to the oarsmen of the world has already been described at length in these columns. No effort will be spared to bring about the contest of which it is to be the guerdon, in order to demonstrate that in ALL fields of manly sport, the **POLICE GAZETTE** and its proprietor can always be found in the front line.

As everybody knows the department of pugilism is practically our own monopoly. Every once in a while some cheap, tuppenny-ha-penny upstart "fakes" up a gate money scheme for restoring his shattered fortunes, and enjoys a brief existence in friendly newspaper puffs, as "a promoter of the manly art." The ridiculous and contemptible fizzes which these "fakes" have constantly precipitated, have done much to injure pugilism and set it back from the position to which the energy and enterprise of Richard K. Fox and the **POLICE GAZETTE** promoted it. But in spite of such vermin, we shall continue to keep up the end of the boxer, and among the triumphs of the season will be the magnificent diamond belt to be competed for by feather weights. This new belt, a marvel of beauty and taste as well as of cost, completes the series, and is in every way entitled to rank with the superb trophies dedicated by Richard K. Fox to symbolizing the championships of the heavy-weights, the middle-weights and the light-weights respectively.

Under the circumstances, haven't we the right to shout?

## STAGE SKIMMINGS.

So Abbey and Schoeffel are going to build a "parlor" theatre. Mrs. Agnes Booth is Mrs. John Schoeffel, and the big hearted man doats on her, and Miss Florence Girard is Mrs. Henry E. Abbey, and, and, and who, oracle, will be the leading lady of that parlor theatre?

Vernona Jarbeau will star next season in a comic opera called "Chic Chic." Her husband, Jeff Bernstein, will be her manager. The scene of the opera is on an island in the Southern Pacific Ocean. As the climate there is exceedingly warm it is not likely that the ladies of the company will wear many clothes.

The latest feature of the suit of Agnes Robertson Boucicault against Dion Boucicault for divorce is the taking of the testimony of Robert Gaul, who was for several years the secretary of the actor, before John Whalen, as referee, in New York. Mrs. Boucicault procured an order from the Supreme Court for the taking of his testimony now, because he is a material witness in her behalf and was about to leave here for his home in England. Mr. Gaul's testimony is exceedingly favorable to Mrs. Boucicault, as he, it is said, has told of the relations of the actor and Sadie Martinot, which he personally observed when they resided at No. 38 Oxford Mansions, London, England.

The mispronunciation of common words by a well known actress, says an eastern critic, reminds me of a time when Atkins Lawrence was playing at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia. The company was at rehearsal in the morning, and Atkins got off something in violation of all rules of grammar. It was, indeed, a corker of wrong construction. Mrs. John Drew, who was sitting in a box watching the rehearsal, raised both hands and shouted: "Shades of Lindley Murray, have mercy!" Atkins heard it, and when he went off the stage at the wings, said in an audible tone to the stage carpenter: "Who in the devil is this Lindley Murray? Is he one of the stockholders of this theatre?"

Howard P. Taylor's "Snowflake" is the grand spectacle which E. G. Gilmore and the Kralffy Brothers are arranging for production at Niblo's Garden, New York, at the opening of the fall season next August.

Sarah Bernhardt has purchased from a New York jeweler a set of magnificent Indian jewelry, which would make a Princess of the Arabian Nights envious. She intends to wear them in "Theodora." The price was an uncommonly stiff one, but considering that the divine Sarah has made during her present American tour, up to date, more than \$100,000, she can afford to indulge in such trifles.

There has been considerable talk lately of Dixey buying an interest in the Bijou Opera House and of Gen. Barton retiring in his favor. It turns out, however, that Lotta has been quietly putting a finger into the Bijou pie, so to speak. Mamma Crabtree, who is noted for her shrewdness in financial transactions, has, on behalf her talented daughter, advanced Miles & Barton \$15,000, taking as security a lien on the theatre held by the firm. This rather disposes of the Dixey matter, which never went any further than a negotiation between the comedian and the managers.

The "Bystander" in the Philadelphia News says of John T. Raymond: "He was an inveterate 'kiddie,' and was never so happy as when bringing a blush to the face of some retailer of an off-colored story. On such occasions he would wait for the 'point,' and the instant it was made he would, in the most polite manner imaginable, raise his hat and, bowing, would in the most apologetic voice exclaim: 'Beg pardon, madame! The gentleman was unaware of your presence, or he would not for worlds.' The story-teller would flush to the temples and involuntarily turn to see the lady. His pleasure at finding she was a myth always made him take the roar of laughter which greeted his discomfiture in good part, and often he was so glad she was not there that he would insist on cracking a bottle. There was a moral to John's act that it would be well for retailers of such stories to ponder over."

Mason Mitchell, an actor with "The Planter's Wife" Company, has with him a pet bear about four months' old, which he got out in Michigan. Another member of the company, Miss Edna Carey, had a pet poodle with her at the same hotel. Between the pet bear and Sir Poodle the porters and chambermaids had a lively time of it. Every morning Miss Carey would order a hot bath for her canine pet, and Mr. Mitchell would order hot milk for the bear, and there was more bustle in the house over the pets than there was over the human owners of the same.

A thick-set, powerful looking man drove into Fieldstone, N. J., with a covered circus-wagon the other day and set to work industriously to cover the town with gaudy specimens of the lithographer's art. People paid very little attention to him until he deposited his paste-pot on the steps of the village church and began to spread his posters round about the sacred edifice. In a very short time the building was surrounded with representations of female bareback riders in very short dresses, in the act of whirling around on their toes, with other pictures of similar description. Then the wrath of the villagers was aroused. A crowd gathered about the church and hurled imprecations on the head of the bold bill-sticker. He goaded them almost to desperation by talking to them in the sarcastic and somewhat slangy vernacular of the circus.

"Stop this business," shouted a stout villager with a red face and seaweed whiskers. "It's an outrage. I'll have you arrested if you don't. The very idea of your desecrating the church property in this way is scandalous."

But the circus man only smiled and said: "Say, old man, just you turn yourself inside out for a minute while I work on the dates. Don't you know that this is a legitimate show and believes in advertising? I have orders to bill this town, and that's what I'm going to do. You want to work me for bill-board passes, but I am onto your racket, and if you give me any trouble I will smother you. I have a live tiger in this wagon and if anybody kicks up a muss I shall turn him loose."

Then the bill-poster waved an adieu to the crowd and drove off without being molested any further. The gay posters were all in place—or rather out of place—when the congregation answered the Easter church bell, but they were sadly mutilated before night.

During a recent interview concerning chorus girls, handsome Ed. Aronson said to a **POLICE GAZETTE** reporter that novices and girls from the higher stations in life sometimes objected very strenuously to appearing in tights, but when it was explained to them that the costume was a matter of business necessity, and the regulations of the theatre required it, they gracefully acquiesced.

"To return to the primary steps in a chorus girl's life," he said, "after she receives the little note telling her that she will have a trial, she presents herself at the general rehearsal. She must attend rehearsal every day for two or three weeks, and a new opera is rehearsed two months before it is produced. The hours of rehearsal are from 10 in the morning until 1:30 in the afternoon, with half an hour for lunch, and then the rehearsal is resumed until 4, and perhaps later. These hours apply more particularly to those required to rehearse a new opera. If there is only one girl on trial she is rehearsed just the same as if a dozen were before the assistant stage manager."

"Then, if she gets a place, she runs to her modest boarding house at dusk and is back at the theatre at 7, and cannot leave it until nearly midnight. So for weeks the girl is on her feet for nearly fourteen hours a day, her nerves strained to the highest tension, for from \$12 to \$18 a week. Even after a trial many fail. I do not believe fifteen in every hundred girls accepted are permanently retained. If the girl is permanently accepted and proves bright, she is slowly but surely advanced. She gets understudies, then a small part, and so on up."

"All of the leading ladies of comic opera started as chorus girls. Many applicants came from young misses just from boarding schools. About one in a thousand such applicants ever reaches even a first general rehearsal. In almost every instance it has been proved that they have not the slightest dramatic ability, and the rare exceptions are only taken because of their beautiful voices, the manager trusting to experience and association with the other girls to rub off the awkward edges and teach them the technical rules of the business."

Erastina, Staten Island, where Buffalo Bill entertained a million or more people last summer, is to be turned into a semi-civilized East Indian jungle this year. Adam Forepaugh, the famous showman, and Erastus Wiman, whom everybody knows, have put their heads and unlimited bank accounts together and have created what they are pleased to call "A New Olympia" at Erastina, one of the principal features of which will be the great Forepaugh zoological collection, consisting of some thirty elephants and two or three choice specimens of nearly every other species of animal or bird known to exist, and these will be grouped in and about the groves of Erastina in the most attractive manner. Deep pools will be created for the hippopotamus to wallow in; elephants will be tethered to the trees; lions, tigers and other carnivorous beasts will have their dens masked in with underbrush; ostriches and emus will stalk about in the forest, and hundreds of tropical birds, monkeys, etc., will chatter in the boughs above. The performances, which are to be given afternoon and night, will embrace all the latest novelties as well as the revival of ancient sports and pastimes.

Grand stands are in process of erection to hold 20,000 persons, and one end of the great field will be entirely covered with a canvas canopy, thus leaving one side open so that a full view of the vast hippodrome course (which covers one-third of a mile in circumference) may be had at all times. The usual circus rings and elevated stages will be made near the amphitheatre and under the canopy covering, thus protecting the audience and performers from the elements. It is here that the circus features will be seen, but the most attention will be given to open-air performances on the grand plaza and open race track. It is proposed to revive and present the ancient olympian games and introduce the most spirited contests, such as broadsword combats on horseback, chariot racing, wrestling and other lively exhibitions which must be won or lost on their merits. The most imposing pageants will take place at every performance, and at night pyrotechnic displays will add to the beauty of the procession, which will extend around the entire course. Features of the Wild West, including cowboys, Mexicans and Indians, bucking horses, stage coach and crack shots led by Capt. A. H. Bogardus. The enterprise is now well under way and promises to surpass anything ever seen in any part of the world. The opening exhibition will probably take place on June 27.

To the enterprise and energy of Jack Hamilton and Louis Cooke are these marvellous creations largely due.

The last time Col. Jack Haverly was in Chicago he employed a local writer to evolve, for the use of his minstrel company, an "afterpiece," which was to be used as a wind-up for the show, and in which the Colonel desired that the full strength of the company should be cast. The ambitious writer conceived the idea of a burlesque tragedy, and his plot was a harrowing one. It was written in the most intense manner, and had a plentiful sprinkling of "deaths" and exclamations of that character. The piece was sent to the company, and a rehearsal took place at the first favorable opportunity—a reading rehearsal—and it was found that the author had killed off his people with such appalling rapidity that long before the entire plot was unfolded there were only two people left on the stage. The manager, with a brilliancy that was dazzling, at once ordered the remaining two to kill each other, and the afterpiece was voted a howling success. The only fault that could be found with it was that the author was not there to be drowned in real water.

Emma Abbott's brother George recently died in a far Western town. She was billed to sing on the day of the funeral. She could not possibly get to the town where her relative was to be buried, and there was nothing left but to fill her accustomed place on the stage. She sang listlessly that night.

It will surprise many, even among those who consider themselves well informed in theatrical matters, to learn that after May 1 the well-known theatrical firm of Kralffy Brothers will cease to exist under that name. It is now nearly twenty years since the brothers came together and formed a legal partnership, and during that time they have generally been very successful in the line of spectacular production.

E. G. Stone, manager of Janish, while leaving with the troupe, attempted to enter the ladies' coach of the Houston Texas Central railroad at Houston, taking three dogs with him, and upon being refused admittance to the dogs he vented his spleen upon the brakeman, for which he was arrested and fined, and returned to the train just in time to board it. This little morning episode cost Stone \$17.50.

Harry Miner, of New York, has bought the steam yacht Bessie, formerly the property of the Clarks, the spool cotton manufacturers, of Newark, for \$7,500. It is lavishly fitted up, has first class accommodations for twenty-five people, and is equipped with a pair of howitzers.

WOODEN SPOON.

## OUR PICTURES.

### It Was a Self-Cooker.

A special to the **Banner** from Shelbyville, Tenn., April 6, says: Last night at 11 o'clock occurred the most shocking accident ever known in Shelbyville. Allie H. Ruth and Miss Carrie Sharp were to be married tomorrow morning. Arrangements were complete for a quiet wedding at home and a wedding tour. He had spent the evening with her at home, and had just put on his overcoat and muffler. His pistol, a self-cocking one, was lying on the ottoman. She picked it up, saying she was afraid of it, and telling him to take it, was in the act of handing it to him when it caught in the folds of a light wrap and was accidentally discharged, the ball penetrating the heart, killing her instantly.

### At His Child's Deathbed.

A correspondent at Sioux City, Ia., writes April 13: A dramatic incident in connection with the Haddock trial which occurred Monday night, has just been divulged. Since the return of Bismarck's wife and family from California, a little daughter about three years old was taken sick with membranous croup.

Monday night, at 10:30 o'clock, the little one died. Bismarck, who had been allowed, in the company of a deputy sheriff, to be present at the house, was there when the child died, and then, with tears in his eyes and with trembling voice, he placed his hand upon the dead body and swore, on his dead child's memory that he had told the truth, and that Aronsdorf was the man who murdered Dr. Haddock. This is vouched for by those who were present at the time, and, as Bismarck is not a man of much intelligence, it would seem that this was not done for effect.

### A Shriek of Terror.

From Chattanooga, Tenn., a correspondent writes, April 10: "The little addition to Chattanooga known as the Roan Ironworks, was excited to a pitch last night bordering on a frenzy by one of the most diabolical attempts at rape ever known in this section. Mrs. Stanton Shaw is a respectable white woman and the wife of a well-to-do mechanic. John Grady, negro, learning that Mr. Shaw was away from home last night, went to the residence where Mrs. Shaw was alone, and, leveling a cocked revolver at the woman's head, demanded that she submit to his presence. The brave woman, instead of complying, uttered a piercing shriek, and extinguished the light before the brute could fire. Almost instantly a dozen of the neighbors were in the house, but the intruder had fled. Hot pursuit followed. Shaw's friends following in every direction with revolvers. Grady's life would not have been worth a cent had he been found. The police and county officers have been scouring the country for Grady, but so far without success."

### Disorder in Court.

An exciting scene took place in the Supreme Court room of the District of Columbia at Washington, April 12, after its adjournment, growing out of a leading habeas corpus case for the possession of a child 2 years of age, which had been abandoned by its parents shortly after its birth and subsequently tenderly raised by its grandparents. The parents now seek to recover possession of the child, and the case has been litigated for several months. The events of the trial were very exciting, and Mr. Vile, the parent of the child, approached ex-Congressman John Amber Smith, counsel for the grandparents, and notified him in the court room that he intended to kill him on sight. Mr. Smith replied that he did not come armed into a court room, but would arm himself and discuss the matter outside. Miles then left, when a friend of Miles suddenly advanced on Mr. Smith and after denouncing him struck him a heavy blow with a stick, which felled him. The bailiffs rushed in and a scene of confusion ensued which was heightened by the mother of the child attacking and clawing Mr. Smith in the face. Judge Hagner was sent for, and stated that he would teach these assailants a severe lesson for assaulting an attorney in court. They will probably be arraigned and punished for contempt.

### A Toboggan Slide for Tramps.

"Talking about toboggan slides," said a Baltimore and Ohio train boy, "a friend of mine down in Maryland has the neatest scheme I ever saw. He is a station agent, and his station is on the mountain side. It must be a thousand feet down to the valley by a rapid slope. Some of the boys in the neighborhood fixed up a toboggan and beat down a path along the mountain side just back of the station. It was a terrific slide, but the work of climbing up again was so great that the boys soon abandoned the course. The station agent, however, turned it to good account. He has been bothered all winter by tramps sneaking into the waiting-room and sleeping on the benches and making things disagreeable. He used to fight with the bums almost every day to keep them out of the station, but he doesn't do that any more. He invites them to come in and get warm and make themselves at home. He fairly coaxes them. After they go to sleep he picks them up one by one and lifts them out the back window and drops them upon the slide. If you could see a procession of those tramps going down that slide, traveling on their trousers, their shoulders or their heads, and at the rate of two or three miles a minute, you'd think life had not been lived in vain. It's funny enough to make a locomotive snort with laughter."

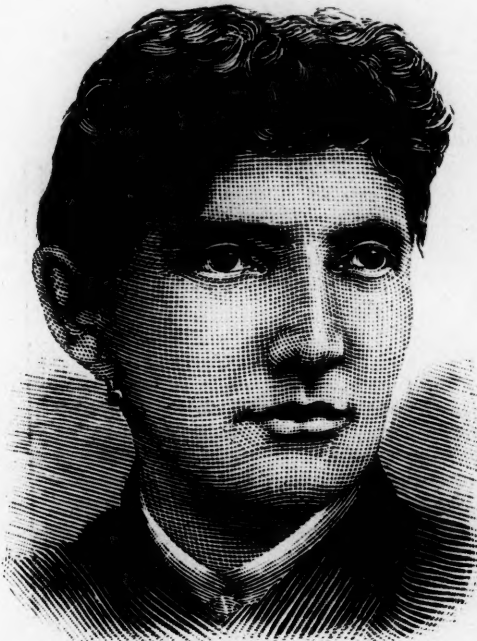
### A LOCOMOTIVE FOR A BOOTJACK.

"It isn't very often that you hear of a man using a locomotive for a bootjack," said an engineer on the Atlantic road, near Chicago, the other night, "but I happen to know of an interesting incident that occurred down in Indiana the past winter. Walt Coleman, a brakeman on a freight train, set out one bitter cold night to flag a passenger just south of Hammond. He was out about two hours, and when he came back his fingers and ears were badly frozen. After we had got some whiskey down him and had rubbed his hands and ears in snow, we tried to remove his boots, but his feet were so badly swollen that they could not be pulled off. Coleman was an economical cuss, and he would not let us cut them off his feet. He said that the boots had cost him \$7 but two weeks before, and he could not afford to lose them so soon, even if by so doing he would be relieved of his sufferings. It was finally agreed to take Coleman out to the locomotive, stick his boot heels between the slots of the cow-catcher, and then back up. When everything was ready the engineer reversed his engine, while we clung to Coleman's arms and shoulders. The boots came off quick enough but Coleman's legs came so near going with them that there was no fun in it. As it was we had to cut the heels off the boots to save any portion of them. That was the queerest bootjack I ever saw. It may appear novel to many others."



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity  
and Woman's Worse  
Than Weakness.



Ida Fountain.

Ida Fountain, as she calls herself, has allowed her husband, Samuel Dubois, to obtain a divorce from her at Cincinnati by her wicked ways with one Fountain. Her maiden name was Skelton. They were married April 2, 1883, at Brookville, Ind. They lived together almost twenty years, and during that period not a word of discontent was heard. At the end of that time the despoiler entered the family. Mr. Dubois was a railroad engineer. Getting out of work he went to Paris, Ky., and worked as a machinist. While he was away his wife in some way became acquainted with Joseph Fountain. For some reason she became fascinated with him. He was then traveling for the *Manufacturers' Record*, of Baltimore, Md. While he was away he wrote to her almost every day. The letters were of such a nature that she became completely captivated with him. When he came to Cincinnati he would spend the night with her at different places. In July, 1885, in accordance with an arrangement with him, she took all the money she had received from her husband, who sent his wages regularly, and went to Atlanta, Ga. There she met Fountain. From there they went to Birmingham, Ala. Mr. Dubois heard of his wife's departure and came home. Fountain's employers were written to about his doings, and they discharged him at once. This was while he and Mrs. Dubois were at Birmingham. Thrown out of employment, he left Mrs. Dubois. He went to Louisville, Ky., and she managed to get there, too. He got some sort of employment, and they went away together again.

## CAPTURED BY A WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Mina Oliver, the daughter of Morris Levy a prominent butcher of Centre Market, Newark, N. J., was walking by Booth's hat store on Market street, April 13th, when she saw two men stealing hats. She informed Officer Wackerman, who went after the thieves. The men at once dashed out of the store and the plucky woman seized one of the robbers, grabbing him by the throat and throwing him upon his back on the sidewalk.

The man drew a knife and attempted to stab her, but in a moment she had kicked the knife from the man's hand and kneeling on his breast held him until assistance came. It took four men to take the thief to the station. The man gave his name as Frank Sylvester.

## A DESPERATE BATTLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from San Augustine, Tex., April 1, says: A terrible fight occurred this morning ten miles below Hemphill, in Sabine county, between Capt. Scott and his little company of state rangers on the one side and old Willis Conner and his sons on the other. Three of the Conner family and one ranger named Rogers were instantly killed, and Capt. Scott and another of his men were badly, if not fatally, wounded. One of the Conner boys escaped, but the rangers are in pursuit. The Conners brought on the fight by firing from ambush upon the rangers, who were hunting timber thieves. A doctor of this city has been sent for by the rangers to attend the wounded.

## CHARLES L. WATSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The sudden disappearance of Mrs. Charles L. Watson, nee Lillian Shavely, has caused a fever of excitement at Sterling, Ill., where the young bride belonged. She eloped from her home at Sterling and spent a week in Chicago with her husband. The latter was obliged to leave for Baltimore and New York leaving his wife in Chicago until he should send word to meet him in this city. Suddenly her letters ceased and nothing has been heard of the fair bride since by her loving husband.

## ANOTHER CHINESE MURDERER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Chico, Cal., April 8, says: The following additional details of the murder of Mrs. Joseph Billion by her Chinese cook have been learned: Mrs. Billion, her two daughters and W. H. W. Weaver, a farm hand, were eating supper when Noah Henry, the Chinaman, opened a door behind them and fired two shots from a rifle, the first passing through Weaver's shoulder, just above the heart, and the second piercing Mrs. Billion's heart as she rose and turned to face the intruder. She died instantly, but Weaver, though terribly wounded, sprang to the door, forced it shut and held it closed against the murderer. The latter fired another shot through the door, but did not hit Weaver. He then got an axe and cut partly through the door, but altered his purpose, and retreated from the house. After a short time, Annie, one of Mrs. Billion's daughters, ventured to open the door, but Henry was watching from an ambush and fired at her. She retreated safely to the house. Soon afterward the other daughter

managed to leave the place without being detected by the Chinaman. She reached St. John, a mile away, and told her story. Immediately a vigilance committee was organized, and the citizens have been hunting for the Chinaman ever since. He evidently left the vicinity soon after firing the last shot at Miss Annie. He will be lynched if caught. This is not the first murder committed by Chinese cooks. About a year ago two Chinamen employed in this capacity in Sonoma county murdered Mr. and Mrs. Archershaw in an equally cold-blooded fashion. Henry is about 18 years of age. He had worked for the Billion family several years. The only possible motive for his crime was his discontent at being required to assist in house cleaning.

## FIRE IN SING SING PRISON.

Convicts Fight Flames in the Laundry Drying-Room.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Convict George Ogle, who is serving a sentence in Sing Sing Prison for killing a man in a barroom fight, was hanging up shirts shortly after 8 o'clock the other morning in the drying room on the top floor of the three-story brick building that is used for a laundry when he saw a blaze in the last compartment of a series on each side of an eighty-foot corridor and next to the shirt room at the east end of the building. Tom Barton, a fellow convict and prison engineer, saw the fire about the same time. They immediately gave an alarm, and it was sounded throughout the prison. The flames made rapid progress, for the drying room was heated by coils of steam pipes, and kept at a temperature of 130 degrees, which had made the woodwork highly inflammable. In the big flower garden near the laundry stands a hydrant with two lines of hose attached. Principal keeper Connaughton, who was on the ground, promptly ordered these to be manned. Within five minutes after the alarm was given two streams were playing on the building.

There were about two hundred and fifty convicts employed in different parts of the building, and the momentary excitement which prevailed was quieted by the armed keepers, who ordered the men to get out as quickly as possible. There was nothing like a panic, for excellent discipline was kept. Outside in the yard the 600 or 600 convicts were ordered into their respective companies, and, with the exception of a few who were detailed to assist in saving the contents of the building, were marched to their cells as though nothing had occurred. Some of them exhibited remarkable aptitude for fighting the flames. Tom Franklin, the Yonkers bigamist, was formerly a fireman, and with ex-Police Sgt. Crowley and Jack Connors, the leader of the old gang of smugglers who made their rendezvous near Trinity Church, were the foremen of the force.

## KILLED BY HIS FRIEND.

The Sad and Fatal Ending of a Sunday Pleasure Trip to Tybee Beach, Ga.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Frank M. Fonda, superintendent of the main stem of the Georgia Central Railroad, was shot and instantly killed, April 17, on board the tug William C. Turner, by J. J. Abrams, a prominent lawyer of Savannah, Ga. Superintendent Fonda and a party of friends, among whom were Abrams, Police Magistrate M. F. Moline, Andrew Anderson, private secretary to General Alexander, president of the Georgia Central; Col. John F. Gaynor, contractor for the Savannah River and Harbor Improvement Company, and John H. Griffin, General Traveling Passenger Agent of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad; left the city in the morning on a tug for a trip to Tybee Beach. On the way down the river the tug was overhauled by the Government yacht Angler, going to the rescue of the United States snag boat Toccoa, ashore in Cabbage Sound, off Hilton Head. The tug's assistance was asked, and both steamers started across the sound to Braddock's Point, where the snag boat lay. The party was in high spirits and was laughing and joking continually on the trip down the river.

While crossing the sound Fonda left the party in the pilot house and went back to the cabin. Half an hour later he returned to them. As he started up the ladder leading from the deck to the pilot house he called to Abrams, who was leaning out of the window, "Jack, I'm coming."

Abrams laughed and replied, "No, you're not."

"Yes, I am," Fonda said, and climbed up to the window.

Abrams picked up a Winchester rifle which lay on the seat in the pilot house, pointed it at Fonda, not knowing that it was loaded, and pulled the trigger. The weapon was discharged, and Fonda, who was half way up the ladder, let go the rail to which he held and fell back on the deck dead. The rifle which Abrams thought was not loaded had been loaded by Fonda himself soon after the tug left the city. The ball entered just under the left eye and pierced the brain. Death was instantaneous.

Magistrate Moline was in the pilot house and saw Abrams pick up the rifle, but he did not know that it was loaded. The Angler, which was a short distance away, was hailed, and both tugs headed about and returned to the city, reaching the wharves at night. None of the party was allowed to go ashore until the coroner had been notified. Abrams, who was prostrated by the shooting, was taken to his residence. The coroner could not be found until late. As soon as he arrived the body was removed to Dixon's undertaking rooms, a jury of inquest was summoned and the examination of witnesses was begun. A verdict of accidental shooting was rendered.

## MRS. EMMONS RIDES A TRUCK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Wéltha A. Emmons, the wife of Professor Emmons, was asked in most emphatic terms to leave the Viaduct Hotel at Relay Station, near Baltimore. She replied that she would not leave until she got ready. She finally concluded to give the hotel people no more trouble, however, and promised to leave the hotel.

Superintendent Colvin, of the Viaduct, stated that Mrs. Emmons' eccentricities and whims had become very annoying to the other guests.

Among other diversions she would get on a baggage truck and induce the depot attendants to push her around the platform while she coyly puffed a cigarette.

If she got an idea in her head at any time during the night that she wanted anything, she would knock and pound upon the chamber doors until she got some one out.

## A FATAL FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For nearly a year there has been a sort of a guerilla warfare between the rival colonies of Swedes, Hung-

arians and Poles in Thirty-fourth street, Denver. On April 11 a large number of the men got drunk, and toward night fighting was begun. One crowd, under the leadership of a man named Knaudo, made a concerted attack upon the building in which their enemies were gathered, and a terrific fight ensued. Bedsteads, chairs and tables were broken up, and the pieces used as weapons. Many were knocked senseless and trampled on. The plastering was torn from the wall, and every pane of glass in the house destroyed. After a time the Knaudo crowd were repulsed and driven into their den, where the same scenes were re-enacted. The fight had assumed such proportions that the police were summoned. The first body that arrived were too few to cope with the foreigners, and a second detail was sent to re-enforce them. The Knaudo house was surrounded and the combatants called upon to surrender. They prepared to make a sortie, but being met by Winchester, the whole gang submitted to arrest. One Pole, named Riboritch, was found fatally wounded on the floor, and a dozen others are in a serious condition.

## DIED UNDER A TEACHER'S BLOWS.

A Case of Corporal Punishment in Milwaukee that Resulted Fatally.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A correspondent writes from Milwaukee, Wis., April 15: The death of Henry Sengbusch, the 12-year-old lad who expired while being punished by his school-teacher at a county school, a short distance outside this city, yesterday, is exciting great interest. Officers were searching all night for the teacher, George Weiner, who lived in this city with his wife and child. Early this morning he appeared at the Central Police Station and surrendered himself. Mr. Weiner is deeply affected over the terrible affair; and from his version of the case, which he tells in a straightforward way, it would seem that the charge of brutality, so far as he is concerned, is unjust. To the correspondent to-night Weiner explained that he sent the boy home for his ink-bottle, which he had left behind, and that the boy having stayed longer than he thought was proper, he undertook to punish him with a common wooden ruler about a foot long. After being struck a few times the boy swooned and died, Weiner thinks from heart disease.

The teacher dashed water over the boy, thinking to revive him, and then sent for the boy's father and a doctor. The father and the neighbors are very much incensed over the affair, and if Weiner had fallen into their hands last night he would undoubtedly have been lynched, as the whole neighborhood was in a high state of excitement. Weiner, who had taught in the school only for the present season, had found it so difficult to manage that he resigned last Saturday, asking to be transferred. Arrangements had been made to this effect, and to-day would have been his last day at the school. The boy delayed before returning to the school from his errand because his father told him to eat his dinner before going back.

This is the second instance in Milwaukee of the death of a school child while being punished by the teacher. The first occurrence of the kind was about fifteen years ago, when the teacher, a Miss Chamberlain, struck a pupil on the head with a heavy ruler, causing instant death. It was that event which led to the passage of a State law prohibiting corporal punishment in the public schools. The law was radically modified a few years later.

## LYNCHED IN A COURT ROOM.

The Negro Assailant of a Little Girl Forfeits His Life For the Crime.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At Union City, Tenn., just before noon, April 13, John Thomas, a young negro, was lynched. Last Sunday evening Thomas, who lived on the premises of Albert Turner, enticed little Bertha Turner into his cabin while his wife was absent and the girl's parents were at church and assaulted her. He so terrified the girl that she remained silent for some time, but at last related what had occurred to the negro's wife, who notified the child's parents. A warrant was sworn out by the father, but the negro left town on Monday. It was ascertained that he had gone to Humboldt, Tenn., and the Marshal at that place was notified to arrest him, which was done. Marshal Bratton went after the prisoner last night, returning on this morning's train. At ten o'clock the preliminary hearing was held before Justices Umstead and Carter.

The negro failed to secure a lawyer, but introduced several witnesses in the vain attempt to prove an alibi. The little girl, with her grief-stricken father and mother, appeared and gave her testimony, which was clear and convincing. In a straightforward manner she related the terrible story. Her testimony brought tears to the eyes of many of the spectators who crowded the court room.

At the close of the testimony and before the Court could render a verdict, a yell was heard, and in an instant Officers Bratton and Harrison were overpowered, the negro was seized, a rope was placed around his neck and over a beam in the court room and a hundred hands drew him to a merited death.

Not more than two minutes were consumed in the act. It was done by quiet, determined men, and created comparatively little excitement.

The body hung for one hour and was then cut down. A coroner's inquest was held and a verdict returned to the effect that the negro came to his death by hanging, at the hands of parties unknown, as it was impossible to find witnesses to testify as to who they were. The lynching is generally commended.

## KILLED IN A MINE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

From Pottsville, Pa., a correspondent writes April 11: A shocking accident occurred in the mine of the Chamberlain colliery, St. Clair, this afternoon.

Miss Berlieta Shaul, of Sharon Springs, N. Y., a student of Vassar college, was visiting Miss Minnie Keiter, of St. Clair, a fellow-student. The two young ladies, in company with a young man named Harry Short, and Edwin Thomson, one of the operators of the colliery, entered the mine for the purpose of giving Miss Shaul an opportunity to inspect the operation of mining coal. The mine has not been working for a week and none but the party of explorers were inside at the time. An explosion of fire-damp was caused by their lamps. Miss Keiter was killed, Miss Shaul had a leg broken and is badly burned, but may recover. Short still lives, unconscious from many injuries and will probably die. Thomson is painfully but not seriously hurt.

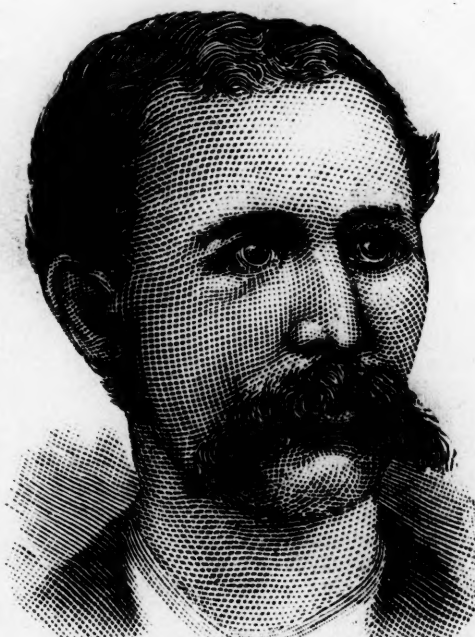
## CHARLEY SAMUELS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we are the first to publish a portrait of Charley Samuels, the Queensland sprint runner who defeated Harry Hutchins, the English champion runner, in Australia.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who  
Find Pictorial Fame in  
These Columns.



Register Murphy.

Water Register Michael Murphy, of Hoboken, N. J., is still missing, and in view of recent developments concerning his alleged defalcation the friends who indignantly denied the possibility of his downfall are now inclined to admit their belief in the charge. The rough estimates of the Board place the amount of the deficit at \$17,000. Eventually Murphy's bondsmen will be compelled to share the burden of this amount.

The disappearance and the facts attending it have provoked more talk in Hoboken than any one event before. How Murphy could have spent the stolen money is puzzling, as he seemed to live within his salary of \$2,500. Many thought that he disposed of it in politics. The theory that Murphy has drowned himself is gaining ground, but no evidence has been produced to strengthen it.

## Martin Hogan.

On another page we publish a portrait of Martin Hogan, the famous jockey, who has been engaged to ride for Ed Corrigan this season. He receives \$2,500 per year. He is a dandy in the pigskin.

## Greenwell and Miller.

John Greenwell is the accused slayer of Lyman S. Weeks, of Brooklyn, N. Y. "Butch" Miller is alleged to have watched outside the residence of the victim while Greenwell broke in, and in a struggle shot Mr. Weeks. Greenwell will shortly be tried for the murder.

## John V. Bender.

John V. Bender's trial at Rome, N. Y., which has been in progress for a week, came to a conclusion last Monday week at Rome, N. Y., the jury finding Bender guilty of murder in the second degree. On the evening of Aug. 31, 1886, in the city of Utica, John Bender and Thomas Gray were engaged in a fight. Bender got the best of Gray, knocking him down three times. Bender then drew out his revolver and shot Gray. Gray died the next day. Bender takes the matter coolly. He will appeal for a new trial and expects to be acquitted.

## "Doc" Elliot.

"The man with the tin dinner pail," who has passed a score of forged checks in Minneapolis during the past six months, has at last been arrested, and the credit for turning up this ingenious rascal, who so long eluded the police, is due to Detectives Lawrence and Doyle, of Minneapolis, and Sachse of St. Paul. During the winter, at intervals of every two or three weeks, there would be complaints from Minneapolis grocers and merchants that a man dressed as a mechanic, carrying a tin dinner pail, had passed forged checks, generally signed by a manufacturing firm. It invariably happened that a small bill of goods was purchased and a check for an amount which would approximate the wages of a skilled mechanic was presented and the difference pocketed. At last there was a change, and the forger took the form of a well-dressed man, who visited clothing stores and ordered suits of clothes and furnishing goods sent to a room, a forged check being presented in payment.

## Miss Mary Baker.

Miss Baker is the young woman who has fasted the unparalleled length of time of 105 days at her prairie home near Monon, Ind. The family physician says that the girl enjoyed good health prior to January, 1886. She has always suffered from a slight pain in the left hypochondriac region, and has always been a light eater, frequently finishing her meals before others of the family had fairly begun. Miss Baker was treated for nervous troubles at different times until October last, when she was given one day a vial of valerian, to be taken in doses of fifteen drops. While alone the patient took several doses at once, and sank into a sleep that lasted five days and nights. On awakening, the patient was given a quantity of water, which was at once ejected, and thereupon, for a period of 100 days, she could retain neither food nor water on her stomach, and did not experience a sense of hunger, the smell of food, even, being offensive to her.

All the senses were very acute. She could tell visitors to her room, after a meal, just what they had eaten. The contact of food to the patient's stomach always caused a spasm, beginning at the cardiac end of the organ and extending through the whole body. During the spasm the patient's left side increased and was only relieved by the constant pressure of hands. When the wood-stove door was opened the faster always complained of a gas, which she said nearly smothered her. Since the 105-day period Miss Baker has eaten small quantities of food and suffered occasional relapses. It is believed that she will recover. Emaciation is not perceptible about the waist and hips. Until two weeks ago she could not talk above a whisper.





[Expressly Photographed for RICHARD E. FOX by G. CRAMER, St. Louis.]

PATTI ROSA,

THE BRILLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL YOUNG PHENOMENON NOW STARRING IN "ZIP."



[Expressly Photographed for RICHARD E. FOX at the Art Studio, Cheapside, London.]

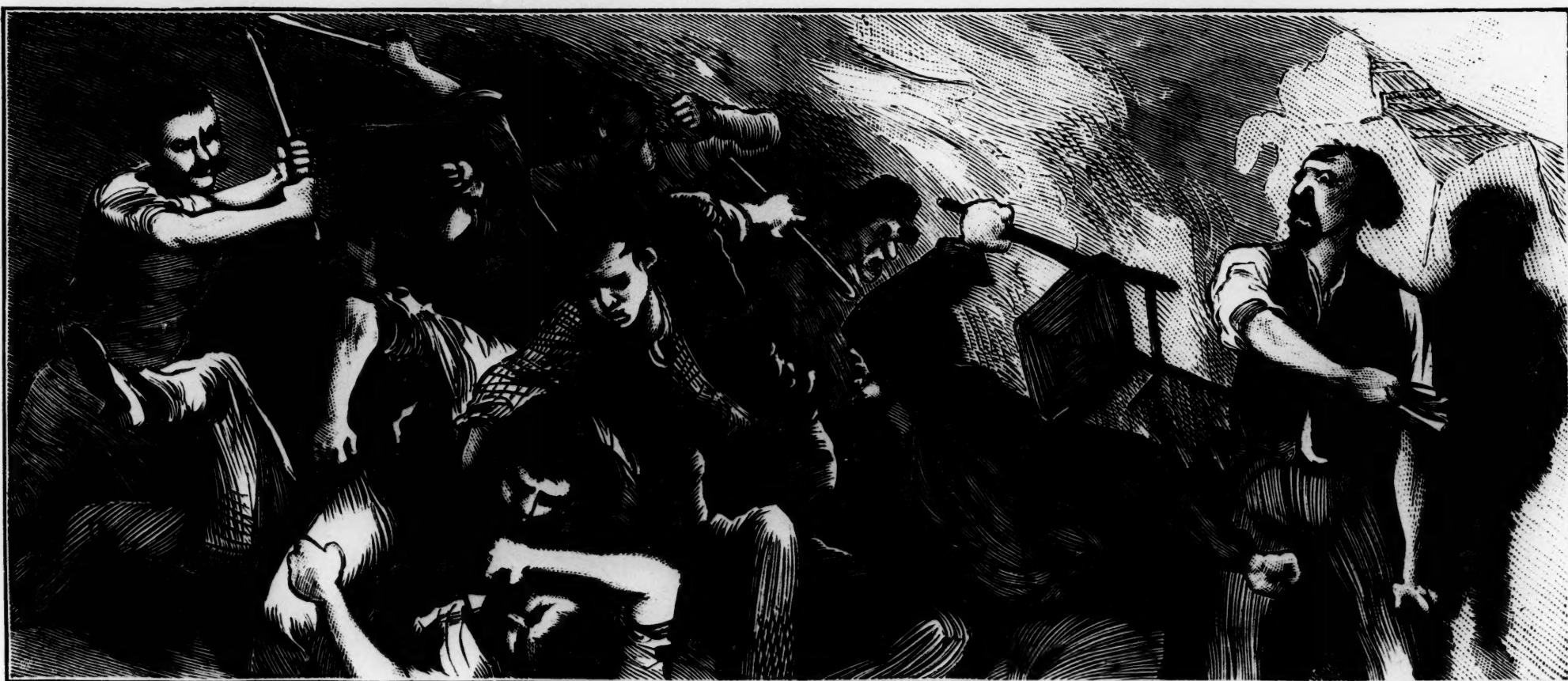
CARRIE DANIELS,

THE BEWITCHING AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO MADE A GREAT SENSATION IN LONDON.



WAR TO THE DEATH.

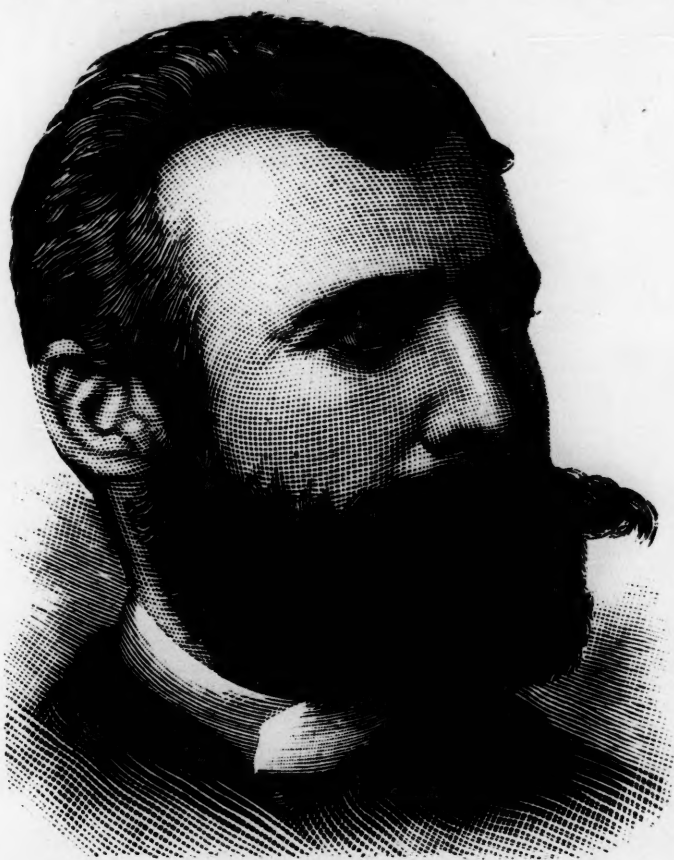
A TERRIBLE FIGHT BETWEEN TEXAN RANGERS AND THE CONNOR FAMILY AT SAN AUGUSTINE, TEXAS.



A FATAL FEUD.

HOW A CROWD OF SWEDES, HUNGARIANS AND POLES MADE THE WELKIN RING WITH ROW AND RIOT AT DENVER, COLORADO.





CHARLES L. WATSON,

WHOSE YOUNG AND WEALTHY BRIDE SKIPPED AWAY AFTER ONE WEEK'S HONEYMOON, STERLING, ILL.



JOHN V. BENDER,

THE SLAYER OF THOMAS GRAY AT UTICA, N. Y., CONVICTED OF MURDER IN THE SECOND DEGREE.



MISS MARY BAKER,

THE YOUNG LADY WHO HAS PASSED THROUGH THE UNPARALLELED FAST OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE DAYS NEAR MONON, ILL.



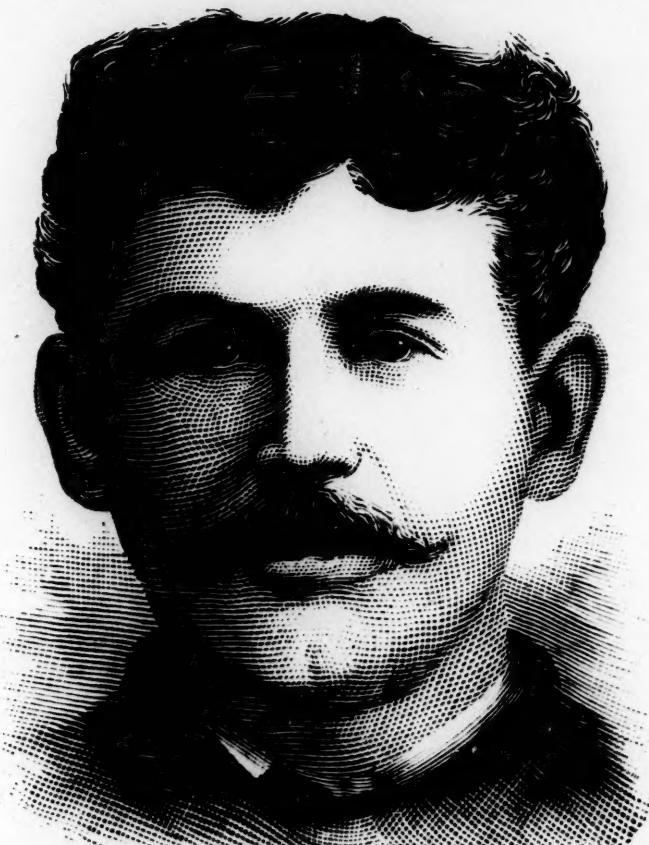
THE SHRIEK ALARMED HIM-

A NEGRO VILLAIN NAMED GRADY ATTEMPTS AN ASSAULT ON MRS. STANTON SHAW NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENN.



SHE WAS GAME.

MRS. MINA OLIVER NAILS FRANK SYLVESTER IN THE ACT OF STEALING HATS AT NEWARK, N. J.



JOHN GREENWELL,

THE BURGLAR WHO IS ACCUSED OF KILLING LYMAN S. WEEKS AT THE LATTER'S RESIDENCE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



"DOC" ELLIOTT,

THE DANDY "DINNER PAIL" FORGER WHO HAS WORKED MINN-APOLIS, MINN., FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS.



CHARLES ALIAS "BUTCH" MILLER,

THE PAL OF GREENWELL WHO IS SAID TO HAVE WATCHED OUTSIDE OF WEEK'S HOME ON THE FATAL NIGHT.



## TEXAS PLUCK.

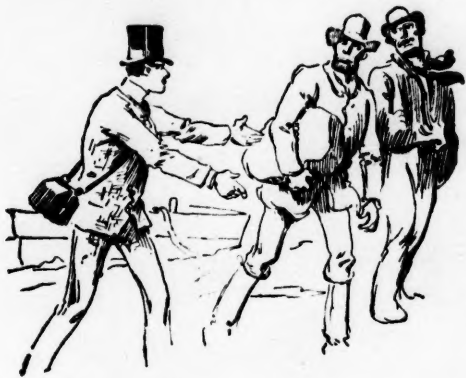
Walter Ridgely Finds It Necessary to Annihilate the Murphy Family.

## A BRAVE MAN.

Seven Desperadoes, Hungry For His Heart's Blood, Meet With a Human Cyclone.

## DONE IN SELF-DEFENSE.

Few men outside the pages of yellow-backed literature have seven killings credited to them. Among the few—the only, probably, the readers of this paper have ever been made acquainted with through the record of his deeds—is Walter Ridgely, the man who exterminated the Murphy family, killing the last three on the morning of April 15. Mr. Walter Ridgely has been compelled to use his revolvers in self-defense on three occasions recently, and on each occasion he wasted



The Murphys impose upon the drummer.

neither his talent, his time nor his ammunition. On each of these three occasions the parties who compelled him to pull trigger belonged to the Murphy family, and on each occasion the aggressors have not been permitted to live long enough even to regret their rashness. On the 3d day of March Mr. Ridgely killed two men; two weeks later he killed two more, and again, on April 15, he killed three of the same tribe. In the last encounter with the Murphys Mr. Ridgely was desperately wounded, so that in order to see him it became necessary to go to the Ridgely plantation and invade the presence of a very sick man.

The Ridgely farm is situated some twenty-eight miles northwest from here, on Red River, in Texas, and just opposite the Indian Territory. As he approached the grounds of the Ridgely residence, after a lonely drive of nearly thirty miles through a thinly-populated country, the reporter saw much to indicate that the owner was a man of refined and gentle taste—improvements of convenience of the most modern style everywhere meeting his eyes. The yard and garden were beautifully and systematically laid off, and bore evidence of the most careful cultivation and keeping. The tenants' quarters, barns, stables, cattle-pens and fields were such as could only result from the highest grade of intelligent judgment and taste.

The scribe entered the yard and was greeted by one of the farm-hands, who had charge of the room occupied by the wounded man, and he only consented that the reporter be permitted to enter that chamber on the condition that he should not disturb the patient by asking him any questions, or even hinting that he was a newspaper man.

The house is a large, two-story frame structure, and is elegantly and tastefully furnished. Accompanied by the nurse mentioned the reporter entered the sick



Ridgely disposes of two of the Murphy clan.

room. Ridgely was lying quietly, and was evidently resting nicely, and when introduced to the reporter held out his hand and said in a very feeble voice: "I am pleased to meet you, sir, but I am very weak, and as I am under orders from my physician not to talk

trust you will excuse me from further conversation; but," he added, "if you have any curiosity to hear anything of the unfortunate occurrences which have led to my present condition, Jenkins there, who is my trusted friend as well as an employee, and at present my nurse, can advise you fully."

After expressing sympathy for his present condition and hopes for his speedy recovery, the reporter requested Mr. Jenkins to retire with him to another room, where the following facts were obtained relative to the life history of Walter Ridgely and his recent troubles with the Murphys:

Ridgely was born in Red River county, in the state of Texas, in the year 1853, and is therefore now 34 years of age.

The story of his clash with the Murphys is best told as follows: Two brothers, Joe and Robert Murphy, kept a ferry at Ropemeyer's store, some eight miles west of the Ridgely plantation, and the regular fee for crossing a man and horse was fifty cents. On Wednesday,

was mortally wounded by Ridgely and died the next day. Ridgely immediately gave himself up to the Sheriff, and upon preliminary examination was discharged on the ground of self defense.

John Murphy, a brother of the men killed, and an uncle, Thomas, soon after came into the neighborhood and made loud and repeated threats that they would kill Ridgely the first opportunity. For two weeks nothing occurred, but the two Murphys, uncle and brother to the deceased ferrymen, were frequently seen near the Ridgely farm, heavily armed, and it was plain that the matter would not end without further bloodshed. Ridgely observed the greatest caution during this time, staying indoors, and going nowhere except upon the most pressing and important matters of business. On March 22 Ridgely found it necessary to go to the farm of a neighbor about two miles distant.

He left home about 3 o'clock P. M., but when he had completed his business it was after sundown—in fact, growing dusk. He then mounted his horse and started



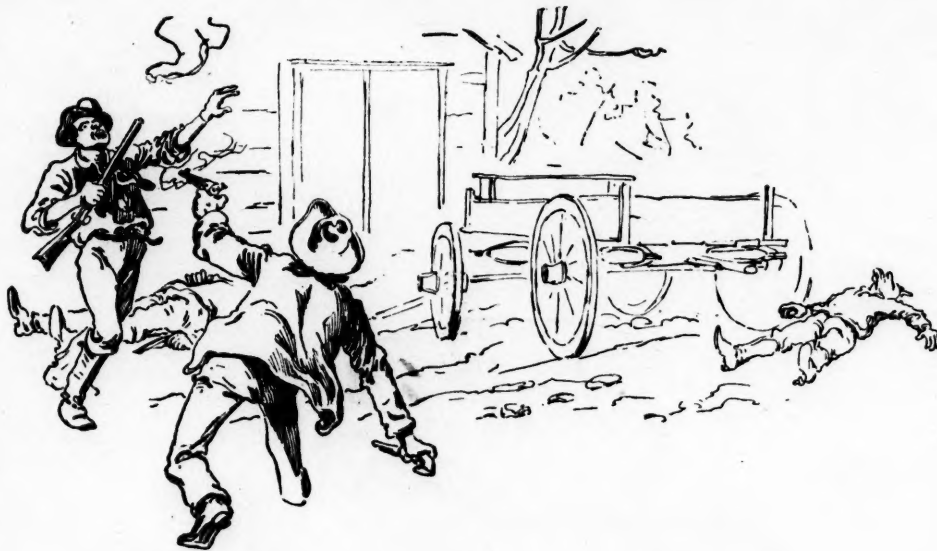
Ridgely's ruse sends two more to join those gone before.

day, March 2 last, a drummer on horseback crossed the river there and was charged the usual price of half a dollar. Having transacted his business in the Indian Nation, which is on the north side of the river, he returned to the ferry the next day, and, calling the ferrymen, was recrossed to the Texas side. When the landing was reached the drummer put his hand in his pocket, and taking out fifty cents handed it toward one of the men, who coolly informed him that the charge was \$5, and that he must pay it. Astonished beyond measure, the drummer told them that he would not pay it. The Murphys said: "All right; we will just keep this (indicating the drummer's sample case), until you do pay it." They quietly and in a very business-like manner tied the boat to the Texas bank and leisurely ascended the hill to the store of Ropemeyer, one of them carrying the sample case and the drummer following.

All entered the store, where, as usual at that hour of the day, there were congregated a number of farmers talking about their crops, prospects for rain, &c. The drummer renewed his argument with the ferrymen and for the edification of the crowd present rehearsed the ferry-boat transaction. Walter Ridgely was one of the listeners, and when the drummer had ended his story he inquired of the Murphys if what the knight of

for home, riding a medium gait. When a little more than halfway home, and while passing through a strip of woods, suddenly there sounded the report of two guns from behind trees, and at the reports Ridgely's horse fell dead under him. Ridgely, who, as the sequel proved, was himself unhurt, falling upon the opposite side of his horse from that whence the firing occurred. He did not move or make any noise, and the would-be assassins, evidently thinking that they had killed him, left cover and started, presumably, to take a view of the corpse. The corpse, however, proved an exceedingly lively one, and when the two men, who proved to be the two Murphys, were within eight or ten feet, the corpse suddenly sprang to its feet, with a six-shooter in either hand, and began firing upon them. They were taken so completely by surprise that Ridgely thinks they made no effort or thought of returning his fire, and quicker than it takes to tell it they had both bitten the dust, and their spirits departed to the happy hunting-grounds to join the two ferrymen who had previously "taken passage" at Ridgely's hands.

Ridgely kept himself confined closely to his own premises, not going off his farm on any occasion, and it is but fair to presume that the Murphy party, growing impatient, and perhaps worn out with the siege,



The encounter in the stable yard which disposes of three more Murphys.

the road had just stated was correct, and received from them an answer in the affirmative. Ridgely then told them that, as the drummer's time was valuable and he was in a hurry, it would not be exactly the proper thing to "carry the joke (for such he thought it was at that time) any further, and that they had best take the fifty cents and give up the sample case and let the man go."

At this both men became quite indignant, and informed Ridgely that he would do well to mind his own business, and that whenever they should need his advice or assistance in running their ferry they would let him know. To this Ridgely responded with spirit telling them they ought to be ashamed of themselves for trying to impose upon a friendless stranger, and that if they were really serious about the matter they had better take his advice as already given or they would run the risk of answering to the Grand Jury.

At this both men sprang at Ridgely, and the latter, who is a fine specimen of physical manhood, knocked the foremost one down. The other halted and reached for his pistol, but Ridgely, who saw his intention, succeeded in getting his revolver out first, and fired, shooting his assailant through the heart and dropping him dead in his tracks. The other Murphy by this time had regained his feet, and seeing what had happened made a motion as if to draw his pistol, when he too

thought to execute their purpose by stratagem. With this object in view, at 2 o'clock on Friday morning they went to Ridgely's barn and created a disturbance, well knowing that Ridgely's great care for his horses would, in all probability, cause him to come out in person to ascertain what was wrong. The ruse operated exactly as the Murphys intended it should act. Mr. Ridgely was aroused from his slumbers by the noise in the stable yard, and did just as any other sensible farmer would do under like circumstances. He got into his boots and trousers as quickly as possible, and, taking a pair of revolvers, the same 44-calibre weapons he had used on previous occasions, and which, obeying the dictates of common sense, he had kept within convenient reach ever since his trouble with the Murphys began, he started for the barn. He passed the door of a room in which a couple of his hired men were sleeping, and called to them to get up and follow him quickly. Mr. Ridgely passed on out the door and across the house yard to the gate opening into the barn lot. Here he paused a moment and listened. All was quiet, and no animated object was in sight. He entered the barnyard and was walking at an ordinary gait toward the big barn when suddenly a human form sprang up from behind a wagon and fired at him.

The bullet passed through his hat, and Ridgely, though unhurt, dropped to his knees, and in less time

than is required for telling it his trusty revolver responded. It was too dark to take aim, or even to discern plainly what or who he was shooting at. Mr. Ridgely's shot sped well, as was evidenced by the yell and oath which answered it as the man by the wagon dropped. Mr. Ridgely says he did not think of the Murphys until the first shot was fired; then he realized the situation, and took it for granted that there was to be a desperate conflict. Ridgely was standing near the wagon when a man behind the wagon fired at him. Immediately after the shooting Ridgely sprang to his feet and ran toward the wagon, and had reached it when two men rose up, one on each side of the inclined drive to the barn, and started toward him. Both these men opened fire on Ridgely, and he responded. The shooting in the dark was necessarily wild, but at the third shot, he thinks, Ridgely was struck in the left arm, and he was thus half disabled, the weapon in his left hand, of course, being useless. At the same instant one of his foes fell. This one, Ridgely says, shot once after he fell and sent a bullet into Ridgely's right breast. Ridgely fell, but turned over on his right side and sent a bullet at the only one of his assailants who was on his feet. This shot killed the man it was fired at; and, still lying on his side, Ridgely shot at the other man, who was just trying to get up. The bullet hit him square in the top of his head and killed him.

"All of this, you must understand," said the narrator, "took place in a very short space of time, so that by the time any of the men could get to the scene the battle was over."

Lanterns were brought out and Ridgely was carried into the house. Then the field of slaughter was searched, and as a result two dead Murphys and one live one were brought in and laid on the porch. The live one died in less than an hour, and it was thought Ridgely would expire before a doctor could be secured to attend his wounds. But he didn't. He is still alive and with care will recover. Ridgely was shot in three



A bad man to run up against.

places—in the right breast, in the left arm and just under the left shoulder-blade. The last-mentioned wound puzzles Ridgely. He knows when he was shot in the arm and when the bullet struck him in the breast, but he doesn't remember receiving the other wound. He thinks the man behind the wagon, who opened the battle must have got in another shot while he (Ridgely) was engaged with the other two.

The history of the Murphy family is difficult to write as a whole. Where they originally came from or what their career was prior to their appearance in that section nobody appears to know. It is only certain that since their coming they have been, in every sense, what is termed "bad citizens."

They have long been looked upon with disgust as well as distrust; wherever known been regarded as dangerous and desperate men; and their taking off is looked upon by the peaceable and law-abiding element as little less than a godsend. The country breathes easy again for the first time in seven years, and Ridgely is regarded not only as a public benefactor, but a great hero as well.

In personal appearance Ridgely is a notable man, and would attract attention in any crowd. He is 5 feet 11 inches in height, dark wavy hair, black mustache, black eyes, a prominent nose and a countenance that the most aesthetic physiognomist could not fail to admire. He has never married, but goes into society when convenience and business will allow. His home however, is as well kept as any your correspondent has seen in this part of the country; books, pictures, music, etc., in profusion are among the many things to attract the visitor's attention at the Ridgely mansion.

The reporter, after gleaning all the facts he could from Jenkins and others, as above related, returned to the sick room and bade Mr. Ridgely good-by. As he did so he ventured to hope that the wounded man



Mr. Walter Ridgely.

might get up in a very few days, and that if any more Murphys turned up he would be as successful as in the past, and give them "proper doses of his medicine." To this piece of pleasantry Mr. Ridgely, smiling faintly, replied: "I trust, sir, that I have my last patient of that sort, and that I may never have to administer another dose of the medicine."



# AWFUL ESTHER.

## The Astonishing Adventuress Who Has Broken Up Many Families.

### HER LIFE STORY.

How, Without Being Handsome or  
Attractive, She Has Lived an  
Existence of Intrigue.

### QUEERER THAN FICTION.

Esther Adelia Bennett has destroyed the peace and happiness of more families than any other woman in New York State. She is not by any means a handsome or prepossessing woman, but she has an alienating eye, and, united to smooth manners and a plausible tongue, a love for building up a romantic adventure in which she figures as a much-wronged heroine. For the past ten years she has gained a great deal of unsavory prominence as a private detective. Her career ought to serve as a warning to all those who contemplate employing the risky adjunct of civilization. Everyone knows what temptations beset the most faithful officers who secretly ferret out crime, but the very nature of a female detective's work renders her susceptible to all pressure tending from the path of honesty. Just now Esther's variegated career has been checked by reason of a charge of a larceny, and doubtless she will enjoy more adventures than ever when the law relaxes its temporary grip on her. Here is her story as told by the Syracuse papers:

A daughter was born to Squire George Parks of Siloam village, Madison county, on March 6, 1840. She was named Esther Adelia. Her life was uneventful until her sixteenth year, and then she began to make a noise in the world. While the rest of the family were away from home one day their house was burned to the ground. Nothing was saved, and it was at first thought that Esther was burned with her home. Presently her father found her in a clump of woods not far from the house. She lay prone on the ground, bound hand and foot and with a gag in her mouth. She was in fairly good spirits, though, and as soon as the gag was taken out, told her father that two young men, neighbors, had stolen her from the house, tied and gagged her, and then assaulted her. The young men were promptly arrested, but as the girl contradicted herself again and again when telling her story they were never tried. One of them died before the stain on his reputation had been cleared away. Not long after this Esther woke up the quiet community by trying to blow her brains out with a rifle. The bullet glanced, and her life was saved, but the furrow that the ball plowed across her forehead remains to this day. A month or so after this Squire Parks was taken sick, and nearly died. She ran away from home when this was discovered. It did not bother her much that the police were looking for her, and she had a fine time in Utica for a few weeks. Then she was arrested for masquerading in men's clothes.

At the Police Station she wept and said she was suffering with rheumatism. She was sent to the Hospital, where she made a rope of the sheets and escaped. She was tired of the humdrum conventionalities of life and made her way to the Oneida Community. Here she led a happy life in skirts for a little while, but soon wearied of it, and within a week she turned up at a neighbor's house at night without so much as a handkerchief for clothing. Her hands and neck were scratched, and she told a pitiful story of having been assaulted. This escapade ended in her being sent to an insane asylum, where she was locked up for several years. Then she went to Siloam, but soon returned to Utica. This time she sought to vary her quiet, uneventful history with little matrimonies. Within a few months she was married to a man named Bennett. Three weeks of the honeymoon had passed when one evening people passing by heard a great row in Bennett's house. The doors were broken in, and there lay Bennett at the foot of the stairs, with a broken neck. Esther was arrested, but no one had seen Bennett fall and she was discharged.

After this she went to Oswego and set up in business as a clairvoyant. This was too tame for her, so she practised the manly art of balloon-flying, and presently bloomed out as a full-fledged aeronaut, under the title of Mme. Adelia. After being nearly drowned on board a balloon that tumbled into Lake Ontario, she quit her lofty profession and began life as a private detective.

The Syracuse Standard says that not long afterward she moved to Oneida and ran up a board bill of \$60 on the strength of her status as a private detective. She had to move, however, and got board with Mrs. Armour. She soon wrote a letter to Mr. Armour, telling him his wife was unfaithful. Her charges were absolutely untrue, but they made a terrible row in the Armour family. Since then her mania has taken a different turn. The Standard says she charged John Cook, a respectable merchant of Oneida, with being the father of her unborn child. Her story was not believed. Last winter she made a like accusation against her nephew, William Parks, who, by the way, is only in his twenty-second year. Three weeks ago she began an action against George Boland, a well-to-do Oneida man, on the same grounds. She is now accused of stealing and pawing a rug owned by Peter Snellin, whose house she lived in for awhile. She ran away to Syracuse, where Chief of Police Bennett caught her and brought her back to Oneida. She is said to have left an unpaid bill, a large proportion of which was for gin and beer, which she was accustomed to absorb just before dinner. Esther Adelia Bennett is of medium height, rather stoutly built, and carries her thirty-eight years well. She wears her brown hair brushed straight back off her brow, and there are still traces of comeliness in her face.

Once she charged that a band of wicked men was organized in Oneida to kidnap young girls for immoral

purposes. Nobody paid any attention to it. In spite of all the adventures she had gone through people hired her as a detective. She was constantly in hot water with her employers, and she was seldom without four or five lawsuits on hand for extra compensation due her for detective work. This sort of thing grew to be almost a mania with her. Abijah Hagar, a prominent merchant of Victory, Cayuga County, was charged with assault by a girl named Taylor about a year ago. A civil jury rendered a verdict against him for \$1,500. His lawyers hired Esther Adelia Bennett to work up enough new testimony for a new trial. She went to Cato, a town near Victoria, registered at the hotel as Mrs. J. W. Fisk and announced that she was a book agent. She hired the girl's mother as a canvasser, and, in the confidence thus gained, secured, it is alleged, a confession that the charge against Hagar was the result of a conspiracy. She was well paid for her work, but she promptly brought suit for \$300 more. Law-suits for extra pay are a mania with her.

### CONDEMNED MURDERERS IN NEW MEXICO.

A correspondent at Santa Fe, N. M., writes April 14: An unusually large crop is rapidly ripening for the hangman in New Mexico. Friday, April 23, is set for the execution of Jasper Thomason and Henry Anderson, the latter colored, at Socorro; Theodore Baker at Las Vegas, and P. J. O'Donnell at Silver City. All these parties have been respited by Gov. Ross until the above-named date, pending investigation of the cases in response to numerous petitions for pardon and commutation of the sentences. The Governor was seen to-day and asked about the cases. He stated that he would not be able to get through all the evidence and matters presented in the petitions before the last of the month.

In the case of Jasper Thomason, convicted in Socorro County last November of the murder of John Potter, December 18, 1885, the Governor is in receipt of petitions and letters from many parts of the country asking that the sentence be commuted to imprisonment. United States Senator Berry, of Arkansas, who knew Thomason at his old home in Boone County, Ark., writes a letter in his favor, as does also Hon. George J. Crulp, of Harrison, Ark. Thomason killed Potter in a lonely woods, and was the only eye-witness to the crime. He was convicted upon circumstantial evidence and his own testimony. He had up to that time a good reputation, and belonged to a highly respectable family of Boone County, Ark. The Governor has reached the conclusion that there are mitigating circumstances in Thomason's favor, and says his sentence will probably be commuted to life imprisonment.

Henry Anderson, he thinks, ought to hang. Anderson killed Alfonso Williams at Socorro, in March, 1886, in a most cold-blooded manner. Williams was sick in bed, when Anderson went to his window and deliberately shot him dead in the presence of numerous witnesses. The Governor thinks he will not be able to get through the cases of Baker and O'Donnell before the day fixed for their execution, and they will both be again respited for a short time.

### TWO DESPERATE MEN CAPTURED.

A correspondent writes from Akron, O., April 14: Willis Cady and Ulysses Worting, two principal members of the notorious Foster gang, whose leader was shot in Cleveland eighteen months ago, were placed in jail here to-day. A man arrested in Akron a few weeks ago for burglary and later sentenced to the penitentiary gave clues. Yesterday a special grand jury was quickly impaneled, and a few hours after five indictments were found against Cady and Worting. The former was captured at Johnson's Corners, this county, and the latter in Cleveland. For two years a series of bold robberies, with which these men are charged, has been going on in this and adjoining counties. Henry Koons and wife, an aged couple at Loyal Oak, were tortured until they gave up several hundred dollars. A farmer named Himmelright, his wife and daughter, living in Norton township, were bound and gagged and their feet held to the fire to make them disclose the whereabouts of their money. In Doylestown the house of J. Fritz was entered and his housekeeper was compelled, at the point of a revolver, to give up several hundred dollars. In December last the postoffices at Krumroy, Wadsworth and Western Star were plundered. At Doylestown \$500 worth of goods in shops were taken. Other stores in the same vicinity were entered, and the gang got several thousand dollars in plunder, besides terrorizing three counties.

### JAIL DELIVERY AT LAMAR, MO.

According to our correspondent at Lamar, Mo., on April 14 four prisoners confined in jail there, among them John W. West, who at the February term of court received twenty-five years in the penitentiary for the murder of Samuel K. Reynolds, escaped by sawing off one of the iron bars composing a sort of cage in which they were confined, and then sawing through the floor and working their way out through the masonry of the foundation.

It is the general supposition that the work was accomplished through the instrumentality of W. H. Turner, who was awaiting trial under an indictment alleging swindling in selling patent rights, and his wife, who has been a constant visitor to the jail for a week past. She undoubtedly provided him with a fine steel saw, as the job could not have been done with anything else. The remaining two prisoners are brothers, named Previtt, who are charged with petty stealing.

John W. West is six feet two inches high, fifty-three years old, coarse, bony face, very long from chin to forehead, hollow cheeks, high cheek bones, light grey eyes, light sandy beard and hair, weighs 200 pounds, wears No. 11 shoes. Sheriff Springer has offered \$100 reward for his arrest, and \$25 for that of each of the other fugitives.

### SENTENCED TO HANG.

A special from San Francisco, Cal., dated April 14, says: Alexander Goldenson, the young Hebrew hoodlum who shot down the schoolgirl, Mamie Kelly, in the street in November last, was sentenced to-day to hang. His counsel have tried every expedient to delay the case, and to-day presented two affidavits to secure a new trial and arrest of judgment. These motions the court overruled. The Judge, in passing sentence, dwelt on the atrocious character of the crime and on the coolness and self-possession which the murderer showed in seeking police protection when a mob followed him after the shooting. The date for the execution will be fixed in the warrant. Goldenson hung his head when the Judge alluded to the atrocity of his crime. When the death sentence was passed he dropped upon the bench behind and showed more emotion than he exhibited during the trial. His attorneys will make an appeal to the Supreme Court on the ground that he was denied the services of his counsel, as his lawyers refused to act when the Judge insisted upon the case proceeding without the affidavits of hereditary insanity of members of the family in Russia.

### A WRONGED WOMAN.

Mrs. Hegener of St. Paul, Minn., Tells Why She  
Shot Murphy, Her Traitor.

Mrs. Hegener of St. Paul, Minn., has made the following statement: "Murphy loved me. All that he has done has been out of jealous revenge. My husband became interested in him and invited him to our home, where he was boarded and roomed. Scarcely had he entered our home before he began to make violent love to me. He begged me to clope with him, but I refused. He loved me. Everything that he could do to win my affections. Everything that he could do to sever my husband's affections from me was done. He swore that he had been intimate with me. He made it a subject of conversation among his companions. It is a base, detestable lie from beginning to end. Every trick possible whereby he could blacken my character in the eyes of my husband he resorted to. Once he walked into my room when I was sleeping and then walked out so as to be seen by my husband. Oh, but he was working a deep, black scheme! Once he told me that his jealousy at seeing me live so happily with my husband almost drove him to madness. Murphy appreciated the jealous disposition of my husband and planned in some way to cause him to become suspicious of my fidelity and cause me to be driven, dishonored and disgraced from my home. In such a predicament he reasoned that I would be ready and willing to turn and clasp any hand which was extended to me. He thought that my spirit would then be so curbed that he could at last win me and his triumph would be complete. Oh, God! but I was persecuted. He followed me everywhere with his repugnant attentions. All of this time I did not dare to say a word to my husband, because I so dreaded his jealous disposition. He would, I believe, have killed both Murphy and myself, had he suspected that there was the slightest truth in the charges made. I besought Murphy to leave the house, to desist in his attentions, but he refused, and boasted that it would only be a question of time when he would win me. Once he almost choked me to death in an attempt to kiss me. My first impulse was to seek my husband and have the villain removed instantly and forcibly, but I reflected, and when I saw how cunningly he had laid his plans, how he had contrived to throw a suspicious aspect over my every act, I could only groan and bide my time. Again and again he vowed that he would be revenged. It was yesterday that his lying, slanderous letter from St. Paul, besmirching my character, came to the hands of my husband. He read the letter and then showed it to me. Said he: 'Mary, you see this letter containing these charges against your character. There is but one way in which you can prove your innocence. Either you must kill that man or I will cut you into pieces.' That was the situation I was in. I could only convince my husband of my innocence by securing from that black wretch either a retraction of his base charges or by killing him. My husband provided me with a .32-calibre revolver, and I came over to St. Paul, where Murphy had been for several days. All the afternoon I searched for him. It was about five o'clock when I found him. I engaged him in conversation as we walked down the street, and asked him to retract the cruel and false charges which he had made against me, but he refused. Then I drew my revolver and shot him. I shot him! I am guilty of the shooting and did it because the villain tried to blackmail me. But, as God and Heaven are my witnesses, I am innocent of the charges which he made."

### A SHERWD MENDICANT.

Many people in Brooklyn have observed a blind beggar standing at the corner of Broadway and Berry street with his hat in his hand to catch pennies from pedestrians. He is a close student of human nature, this mendicant. He has worked Brooklyn from one end to the other and knows just how to appeal to people in different parts of the city. When doing Fulton street he says in a very matter-of-fact way, "Please help the blind." This appeal, he has learned, is the one that pays best on that thoroughfare. On Montague street his appeal is: "Only a penny, kind sir. You will not miss it, and it will serve me." At Pennybridge he stands every Sunday, and to the throng that passes over to Calvary Cemetery he chants: "For the love of God, remember the blind." In the Eastern District he is mute. Neither the business request, the appeal to the rich, nor the sacred argument is used. The eloquence of silence seems to serve him best there, and it must pay well, for he has given up most of his time to this section lately. He is said to own some valuable property in the tenement district.

### PATTI ROSA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This charming and vivacious little soubrette is capably portrayed on another page. During the past week she has been entertaining and delighting the citizens of Brooklyn with her performance of the part of Zip in the play of "Point Lynde Light," which, as everybody knows, was Lotta's favorite comedy. It is with the latter's consent that she has added the play to her repertoire, the price paid for it by Patti Rosa being phenomenal. With one consent the press of Brooklyn pronounced the new comer more than Lotta's equal, and hail her accession to the stately firmament as one of the hits of the season.

### SAID TO HAVE BEEN KILLED.

A special from Newark, O., April 14, says: A murder is reported to-night as having been committed near Granville, west of here, in the "Welsh Hills." Particulars cannot be learned, but the reports are that L. Bishop, an old farmer, and his son quarreled, the latter using a club, killing his father. The statement was made to the coroner, but he has not investigated, owing to the conflicting stories. Bishop is dead, and there is considerable excitement. A physician states that death was caused by the breaking of a blood vessel, which is given as the reason for the coroner's not acting.

### ROMANCE OF A YOUNG WIDOW.

Credited with Pursuing Her Assailant on Horseback and Shooting Him.

A special from Selma, Ala., April 18, says: Mrs. A. P. Shackelford, living on a plantation eighteen miles from this city, is made the heroine of a desperate encounter with a negro by the New Orleans Times-Democrat of April 15, which adds romance to the story by saying that she afterwards pursued her assailant on horseback and shot him and took him prisoner. The story purports to be an interview with Mrs. Shackelford in which she says that, having been threatened by friends of the negro, she was advised to make affi-

davit of the facts before a magistrate and leave the county, which she did.

Mrs. Shackelford was at school for many years at Vassar, in New York State, the story runs, and on leaving there at the age of fifteen years she married A. P. Shackelford, of Virginia, and enjoyed an income of \$50,000 a year. This was swept away, her husband died and she returned to her father's home, near Selma, where she found everything going to the dogs owing to his extreme age. She took charge of the plantation of 3,300 acres, kept the books, and was able in a few years to pay off a debt of \$8,000.

She was returning from a long ride on horseback one day when she discovered a window of the house open and found a negro in her room. He at once attacked her with a razor, inflicting twenty-seven wounds upon her arms and neck. He then fled, but she, though almost dead from loss of blood, mounted her horse again, and, armed with a pistol, pursued the man and put several bullets into him.

This romantic account was read with interest here, but careful investigation failed to unearth any such trial coming off, any such assault, or any of the story, in fact, except that there is a Mrs. Shackelford living near here who was a Miss Perine before her marriage.

### THE BIGGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.

A watchmaking firm on Fulton street, Brooklyn, has now in course of construction a clock that promises to be as wonderful in its way as the great clock of Strasbourg about which such stories are told. The face of the clock will be on a level with the ground, while the machinery which works it will be under the ground, out of sight, but so arranged that everything will run smoothly for eight days. The figures on the dial plate will be of flowers of various species and colors, but each figure differing from the others.

The pivot in the centre of the dial on which the hands turn is to be a water jet, throwing a spray all round and over the flowers to keep them fresh. The mechanism of the clock is now being constructed in Boston, and is expected to be completed in a month from now.

"I calculate on placing the clock at Manhattan Beach," said Mr. Shaw, the constructor, to a World reporter, "where it can be seen from the hotel piazzas and balconies, and admired if it be considered worth admiration. The idea is my own, and the chief point in originality about it is the underground connection by wire between the dial and the motive power. If I do not succeed in having it placed at Manhattan Beach, I shall take it elsewhere; but I will certainly have it placed somewhere not very far from New York or Brooklyn. The clock is to be fifty feet in diameter."

### HANGED HIMSELF IN THE CELLAR.

Frederick Kilaack, a German and forty-eight years old, kept a saloon near the Long Island Railroad station at Steinway's, Long Island City. The morning of April 18 he committed suicide by hanging himself with a clothes line in the cellar under the saloon. Kilaack had been a victim of consumption for a long time. He retired at his customary hour without making any remarks to his wife and got up early in the morning at his usual time. When Mrs. Kilaack got up she was horrified to find him dead. An alarm was raised and the body was cut down. He was one of the first saloon keepers in that section of the city, and a brother-in-law of Mrs. Johanna Myers, who tried to kill herself two weeks ago by firing two shots into her head.

### PATRICK W. FAY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Patrick W. Fay, the champion light-weight boxer of the United States Navy. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1865, and came to this country in 1878. He weighs in condition 132 pounds and stands 5 feet 6 inches in height. He has won numerous contests in the arena, and is ready to box any man in the United States Navy his weight.

### CARRIE DANIELS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we publish a capital portrait of Carrie Daniels, the clever young lady who was pronounced by the newspapers of London the brightest little body ever contributed by the American stage.

### MARTIN LOWE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Martin Lowe, the well-known athlete of Laramie City, formerly of San Miguel.

### SMICKER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The celebrated fighting dog, Smicker, owned by Mr. J. Langan, of Brooklyn, is portrayed on another page.

### A LUCKY MERCHANT.

Two Portions of the \$150,000 Lottery Prize Won Here.

At one of the tables in a commercial lunch room on Pine street, a group of business men were gathered yesterday over their midday repast.

"Heard about the luck of one of the Dannenbaum brothers?" asked a bald-headed old chap who has made a fortune in the hardware business.

"No," said the others in a breath.

"Won \$15,000 in the last Louisiana lottery."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed a red-faced gentleman who has built a mansion on Van Ness avenue with his profits on paints and oils. "Which one was it, Sol?"

"The one with black whiskers," answered the hardware capitalist.

"That's Joe," observed several of the company, and then they determined to try their own luck in the next drawing.

The sign of J. & S. Dannenbaum, wholesale drygoods dealers, is easily discovered on Sansone street, between Bush and Sutter. A Call reporter found the fortunate Joseph in his office at the back part of the store filling out blank bank checks. He made no concealment of the fact that the March drawing at New Orleans had made him \$15,000 richer. About a week before it occurred he bought two tickets from a persuasive peddler of the coupons who entered his place. One of them happened to be numbered 61,551, and this number drew the first capital prize of \$150,000. Joseph Dannenbaum thereupon sent on his certificate for one tenth of that amount, and received his money through the London, Paris and American Bank of this city. His firm is well known here and in San Diego and Valjejo, where the brothers have stores.

Another local holder of a one-tenth coupon with the same number received his prize of \$15,000 through Wells Fargo & Co.'s bank of this city, but he is averse to having his name disclosed, and it has not transpired.—San Francisco (Cal.) Call, April 6.





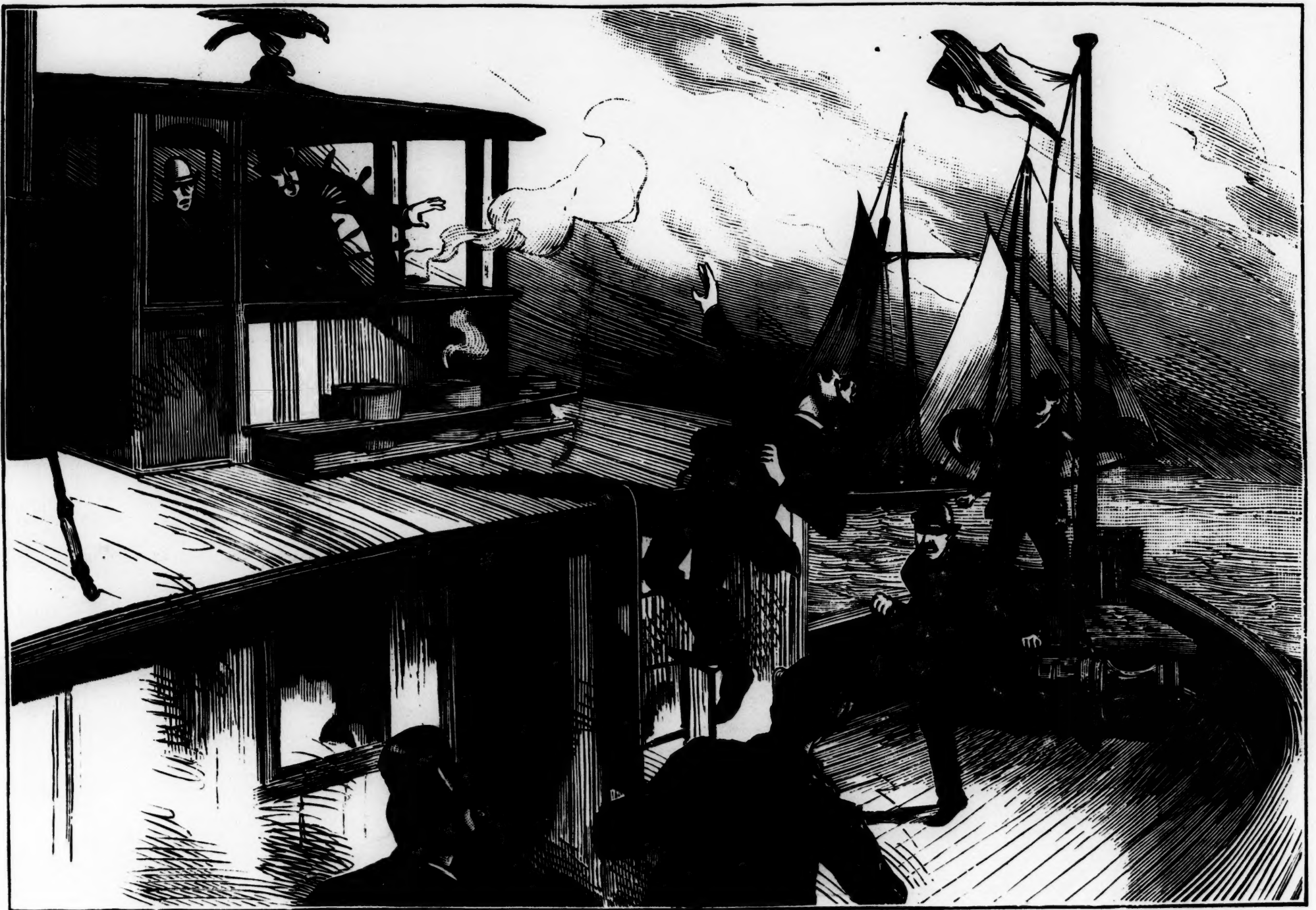
IT WAS A SELF COCKER.

MISS CARRIE SHARP OF SHELBYVILLE, TENNESSEE, IS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED ON THE EVE OF HER WEDDING.



KILLED IN A MINE.

TWO PRETTY COLLEGE GIRLS AND THEIR MALE ESCORT MEET WITH A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT ST. CLAIR, PENNSYLVANIA.



KILLED BY HIS FRIEND.

THE SAD AND FATAL ENDING OF WHAT PROMISED TO BE A SUNDAY PLEASURE TRIP TO TYBEE BEACH, NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.





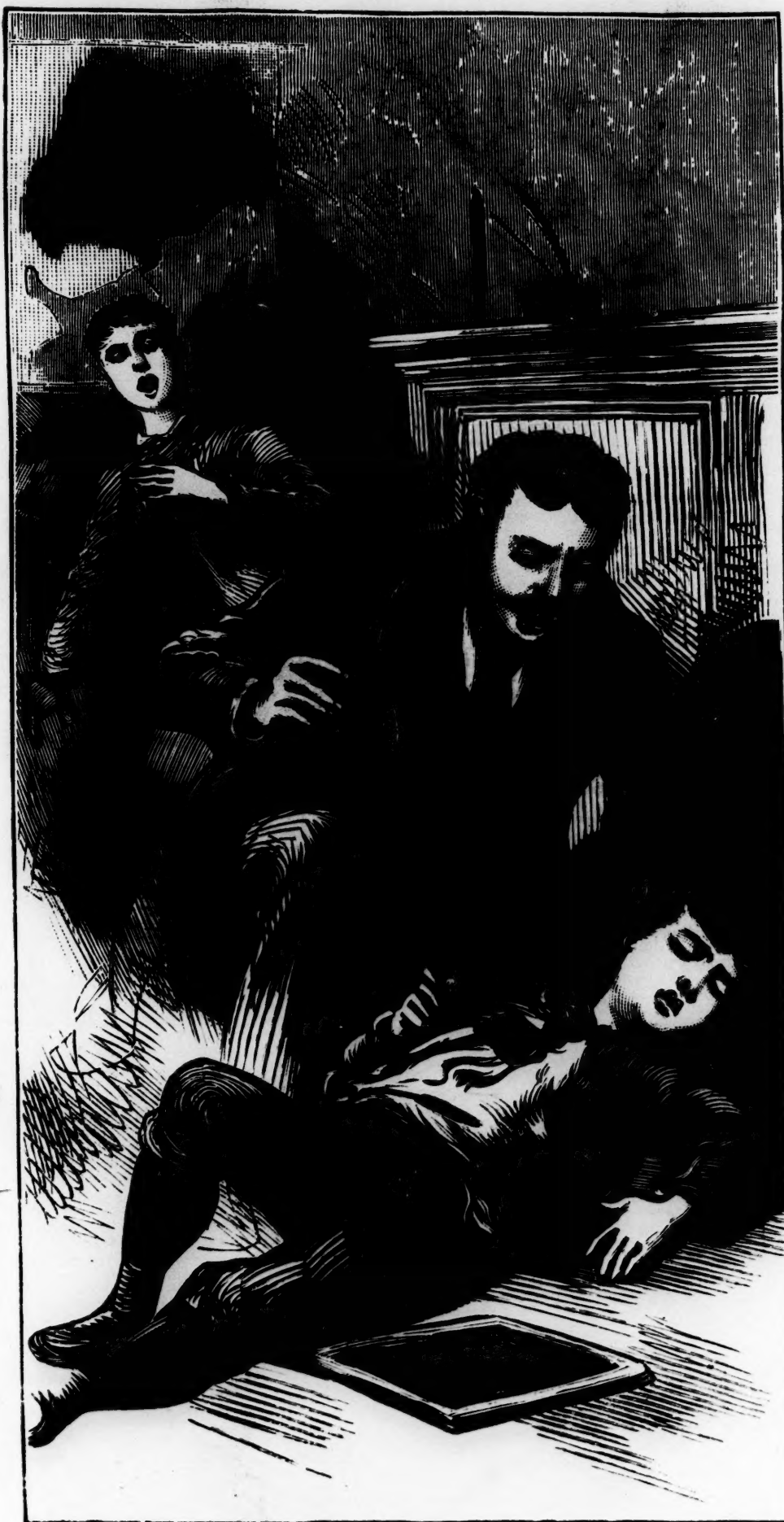
THE CHINESE COOK.

HE MURDERS ANOTHER FAMILY ON A TRIVIAL PRETEXT AND WITHOUT ANY KNOWN PROVOCATION ON A FARM NEAR CHICO, CAL.



TOBOGGANING TRAMPS.

THE CLEVER SCHEME OF A STATION AGENT WHO LIVES A THOUSAND FEET HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN IN MARYLAND.



KILLED BY HIS TEACHER.

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD HENRY SENGEBUSCH DIES AT A SCHOOL NEAR MILWAUKEE, WIS., IN CONSEQUENCE OF A CASTIGATION.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenio Battles of a Week.

The Sullivan combination is meeting with great success on their travels.

Jack Ashton and Jack Glynn have signed articles to box ten rounds at Arlington Park, Long Island City, on Monday, April 27.

The glove contest between Cardiff and Sullivan takes place at Minneapolis in June. It will be a six round contest for gate money.

The competition for the amateur boxing championship of America, under the auspices of the Star Athletic Club, will be decided at Arlington Hall, Long Island City.

George Bubar, the English champion oarsman, arrived in this city on April 15. He will be one of the contestants in the race for the "Police Gazette" single scull championship challenge cup.

Jack Burke fought four rounds at the Adelphi theatre, Buffalo, on April 15, with Billy Baker for scientific points. A large crowd of sporting men attended. No blood was spilled, but it was a pretty fight.

At this office, on April 18, the backers of Mike Cushing, of Elizabeth, N. J., and Jack Hopper, of Providence, posted the final deposit of \$150 in their match for \$250 a side. All the stakes, \$500, are now up.

Jack Kilrain called at the "Police Gazette" office on April 16. He stated that he proposes to force matters so that Sullivan cannot fail to meet him. He will put up \$2,500 or \$5,000 to make the match, and Sullivan can name the time and place.

Bob Dunlap, of Greenpoint, and Frank Allen, of New York, signed articles at the "Police Gazette" office on April 15, to box ten rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$200 and gate money. The match is to be decided within two miles of New York, on May 3.

Charley Gleason, of Duluth, writes that he desires to arrange a match to fight any 140 pound man in the world. He cares not who he is, and would prefer Jack McAuliffe. If McAuliffe won't fight him, he would like to get on a meeting with Carney, the English champion.

A. B. Sutt, of Prince George Co., Md., has a new strain of game fowls, brown reds, which he has named Police Gazettes. He claims that they can beat all creation. The Police Gazettes fought the first time on April 14 at Baltimore against fowls owned by Michael Connel.

On April 18, at Cleveland, a match was arranged between Jack Dempsey and Reddy Gallagher, the local middleweight, to fight six Queensberry rounds for a purse of \$1,000. In the Cleveland Athletic Club gymnasium on May 2. The men will use hard gloves, and the audience will be limited to 100 persons.

A wrestling match was arranged on April 20 at the POLICE GAZETTE office, between Paddy Crowley, of Graham Avenue, Brooklyn, and Vito Small, better known as Black Sam. Articles of agreement were signed for the men to wrestle three times in five in harness, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 a side. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and select the referee. The match is to be decided on May 3.

The coming meeting between Patsy Cardiff and John L. Sullivan will not be so much of a fight as the last one. It is the intention of Cardiff to act more on the defensive and let the champion do pretty much all the fighting. This is what he should have done the last time, not knowing that Sullivan had been severely injured. It is time enough for him to take the offensive when he is pitted against a man with whom he has an equal chance of winning.

At London, Eng., recently, there was a slashing fight between Tony Diamond and Sam Baxter. Diamond won the light-weight amateur championship at St. James' Hall, London, Eng., three years in succession (1883-85), and last year won the heavy-weight amateur championship, beating Harry Holt, of Brighton, C. U. A. C., and J. H. P. Murray. He is twenty-five years of age, stands 5 feet 7½ inches and weighs 180 pounds. Ten rounds, each lasting 3 minutes, were fought, when Diamond was declared the winner.

Recently Will Atkins, ex-champion light-weight of Ireland, and Joe Stubbins, alias "Deaf 'Un," fought at Nottingham, England, according to Queensberry rules for a £100 purse. Atkins, who is 47 years of age and weighs 130 pounds, has fought 17 battles in the ring, 13 of which have been decided in his favor. Previous to the last fight he had also taken part in 13 glove contests, in all of which he had been proclaimed the victor. His opponent is but 29, weighs 158 pounds, and appeared at the outset in much better condition than Atkins. After six rounds had been fought the referee ordered another when Atkins was declared the winner.

Richard K. Fox said recently: "A well-known sporting man has posted \$1,000 with me to back Jake Kilrain to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 a side, and if Pat Sheedy accepts the challenge on behalf of Sullivan the match will be made for as much as \$10,000. I think Sheedy was excited when he called Kilrain a coward, for no one can say, according to Kilrain's record, that he ever acted or displayed cowardice; besides, Kilrain has not a great deal to say, and when he says anything he means it."—Daily News (N. Y.), April 17.

Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, and Denny Costigan called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 15. Dempsey and Costigan made \$3,100 out of their late trip. Dempsey had nothing to say about entering the ring except that it is only the place of a champion to accept challenges when they are issued, but not to challenge. Dempsey holds the Richard K. Fox diamond belt, which represents the championship of middleweights, and he is bound, when challenged, to fight any man in the country at 154 pounds, which he is ready to do if they put up money enough.

The testimonial benefit to Prof. Mike Donovan, boxing teacher of the New York Athletic Club, at Cosmopolitan Hall, this city, on April 16, was a big success. It is claimed that the receipts nearly reached \$1,000. It was a capital show. Jack McAuliffe appeared in a contest with Jimmy Nelson. Mike Boden, the Knuck, scuffed Bill Gabig by a tremendous body blow in one round. John McMahon and Homer Lane gave a splendid display of wrestling, and the wind-up from Jake Kilrain—now styled the Baltimore phenomenon—and Mike Donovan was a capital exhibition of boxing, in which the coming champion and the veteran retired middleweight champion gave a first-class exhibition. Other athletes appeared, and Donovan should be proud of the show and the attendance, because it proves that he is a great favorite and very popular.

The glove contest between Jack Glynn of Brooklyn, E. D., and Mike Boden of Philadelphia was decided at the Arlington Park, Long Island City, on April 18. The men had agreed to box ten three-minute rounds with six-ounce gloves. Boden is 19 years old, and is 5 feet 7½ inches tall, and weighs 180 pounds. Glynn is 22 years old, 5 feet 10 inches in his stockings and weighs 168 pounds. Boden was seconded by Bill Dunn of Philadelphia and Glynn by Joe Denning. Steve O'Donnell was referee. In the first round Boden hit a heavy right-hander on Glynn's stomach, and Glynn countered on the right ear. Then they clinched. Glynn hit Boden a blow on the head in the sixth round that rattled him, and when they clinched Glynn claimed a foul. In the tenth and last round both men went at it with a vim. Glynn was the stronger, and drove Boden all over the stage. Boden was game, and stood well up to his work, and when time was called, the referee decided that Glynn was the winner on the ground that Boden disobeyed the rules, and that Glynn had secured the most clean hits.

There was some spirited boxing at the Hub Athletic Club at Boston, on the event of Barney Smith's benefit, on April 12. The show was well attended and the sport opened with a set to between two noted lightweights. The wind-up was to be between Smith and John Barry. But Smith claimed that he had no money to give to the Forest City lad, so he offered to don the mittens for amusement, but the proposition was not accepted.

so the Portlanders left the hall much disgusted. They propose making the beneficiary of that occasion meet Johnnie Barry face to face. McDonald and Spinnery, a couple of youngsters, pounded one another's heads for three rounds, when Dick Cronin and Paddy Duffy were announced. In the second round they waxed warm, and although the referee, Ike Weil, resplendent in medals and bridal costume, called "time" time and time again, the sparring did not desist, and for fully five minutes kept pounding away. All agreed that Duffy, owing to his experience and weight, was the better man of the two. At the close of the mill he announced that himself and Billy Frazier were going to be guests of the club April 22. Young Kerrigan and young Tracy followed. They had a scientific set-to. But just at the close they attempted the farical, and Tracy went to the floor. Young Lyman and young Murphy, two bantam champions, next came on. The latter was the favorite. It will not surprise many people to learn that he is open for an engagement with any 105-pound youngster in the country. They both sparred neatly and made a more even match than Bennie Green and Jack Shea. Green was the heavier, and wanted to have things pretty much his own way. But Shea was not wanting in cleverness, and did fairly well.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Butte City writes: At Butte City, Montana, recently there was a well-contested glove fight between Tom Palmer of Portland, and Jack Lawrence, of San Francisco. Expectation ran high, as Palmer came here with the reputation of being a good two-handed fighter, and a glutton to take punishment. A great deal of money changed hands. Sol Levy, of the Sideboard Saloon, made a bet with Bob Halslop, giving odds of \$500 to \$200, that Lawrence would win. Both men were in the finest condition. Duncan McDonald was chosen referee; Dick Foster, manager of the Arion, as timekeeper. Mr. Jack Wilson, of the team of Cameron & Wilson, was master of ceremonies. He approached the footlights and announced that the fight was to be governed by the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$250 a side.

ROUND 1—Palmer forcing the fighting, Lawrence running away, smiling good naturedly, making a complete circuit of the stage. Turning suddenly he struck Palmer a vicious blow in the stomach, knocking him to his knees. Palmer immediately arose to his feet and paid him back by sending in a heavy blow upon the cheek. Fighting fast and furious. Honors easy when time was called.

2—Palmer jumps from his chair, rushes like a mad bull at his opponent, swings his right at Jack, who ducks and counters on Tom's neck. Tom arises in a half dazed condition, starts for his corner. Jack follows him and could have knocked him out if he so desired, but Palmer had enough, so he asked his second to take the gloves off, saying, "He's too much for me."

Jack McDonald was second for Lawrence, Jasper for Palmer. Lawrence has greatly improved since his fight with Gilmore near Detroit. Look out for him, as he is liable to fight the best of them.

IN REPLY TO THE CHALLENGE OF JACK McAULIFFE TO FIGHT JIMMY CARNEY FOR \$1,000 A SIDE, CARNEY REPLIES AS FOLLOWS: BOSTON, April 15, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor: I have come to your country to the neglect of my business, and in reliance upon the pledge of Jack McAuliffe, light weight champion of America, that he would meet me in a fistie contest to a finish for the world's light-weight championship. He signed articles with me at Patsy Sheppard's in Boston for such a contest, to occur within 500 miles of New York, between the 13th and 20th of May. I posted my first forfeit for a contest that was to be for \$1,000 a side and a \$1,000 purse, winner to take all. I am, in Great Britain, the recognized champion of the light-weight class. I have been here for three months now waiting an opportunity for a decisive battle with the champion of America. Is it fair and sportsmanlike that he should deny me a meeting after signing articles? Am I not badly treated when he repudiates his agreement with me, and failing to make good his pledge and written agreement, goes away to Canada on a sporting tour. I will meet Jack McAuliffe in a fistie contest a week, two weeks or three weeks hence for \$1,000 a side, the affair to be managed by gentlemen subscribers and the winner to take the whole of whatever purse they may give. I am not accustomed to being dealt with in such bad faith as your American champion has exhibited toward me. To show that I mean business my backer, Patsy Sheppard, has posted \$250 in support of a new match with McAuliffe, which I trust he will have the manliness to make and the manhood not to dishonor.

JAMES CARNEY, Light-weight Champion of England.

On April 2, a prize fight of more than usually desperate character was fought in a field at Giffnock, near Glasgow, Scotland. The pugilists were men named Flynn and Taylor, and the stakes were \$300. Flynn, who weighs about 140 pounds, is not over 5½ feet in height while Taylor is of a somewhat lighter build, and stands an inch higher than his opponent. The men who were attended by two friends, entered the ring which had been arranged, and commenced fighting. In the second round Flynn, who struck out with vigor, drew first blood, and up to the tenth round may be said to have forced the fighting. The fifteenth round was characterized by some good all-round fighting, Taylor being so severely punished that he showed signs of being fought little. The next few rounds were distinguished by very little fighting, both men being spent for wind. Good counter-hitting prevailed for some time, until the twenty-first round, when, after a vicious bit of punnelling, both men fell. Flynn revived somewhat after this, and for the next few rounds had decidedly the best of the contest. In the thirtieth round Flynn got the first knock-down blow, and in the following round both men fell. The thirty-fourth round was marked by real good fighting, and in the thirty-sixth round Flynn knocked his man down, and repeated the performance in each of the succeeding ten rounds. In the forty-fourth round Taylor, who had been severely punished, pulled himself together and made a savage onslaught on his opponent, knocking him out of time. After this Taylor seemed to have the best of the fighting, and though Flynn showed no signs of giving way, yet he was being dreadfully punished. During the next forty rounds, "un received some terrible injuries. In the eighty-first round the fight, which had lasted over two hours, was declared a win for Taylor. Taylor showed little signs of punishment about the face, but was severely injured about the body.

The fistie encounter between Mike Cushing, the champion light-weight of New Jersey, and Jack Hopper, of Providence, is looked forward to with eager interest by the sporting fraternity. Both men are training and it is expected the battle will be a long and determined one. The following is a copy of the protocol which is to govern the contest:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 11th day of March, 1887, between Jack Hopper and Mike Cushing. The said Jack Hopper and the said Mike Cushing hereby agree to fight a fair stand up fight with small gloves according to the "Police Gazette" rules, by which the said Jack Hopper and the said Mike Cushing hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of \$250 a side and shall take place on the 28th day of April, 1887, within 100 miles of N. Y. The said Jack Hopper and Mike Cushing to be confined to 128 pounds; to weigh on the 24th of April, 1887, between the hours of 1 and 2 P. M., when either man exceeding 128 pounds shall forfeit the money deposited. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be paid out of the gate money. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$50 a side is now deposited in the hands of Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder and select the fighting ground. The remaining deposit of \$200 a side shall be deposited with the stakeholder on Monday, April 18, 1887, between 2 P. M. and 3 P. M. Wm. E. Harding shall be referee and all disputes that may arise shall be decided by him. The fight shall take place in the presence of fifty spectators, twenty-five to each side, including seconds. The loser shall receive \$100 of gate money.

The said deposit must be put up not later than 3 P. M. on the day aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of magisterial interference the referee shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names. WITNESS: MIKE CUSHING, JACK HOPPER, JOHN L. LAYIN, WILLIAM A. GERMAN.

## SPORTING NOTES.

## Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

Charley Mitchell states that at present he will pay no attention to challenges.

The Kentucky Derby, like the Suburban, is still a puzzle. Every one has a favorite and in many instances backed to win.

Bill Poole is dead, but just now several pool bills are before the New York legislature, and throw thousands of betting men into a perspiration.

Prof. L. W. Smith, the father of Lillian Smith, the champion rifle shot of the world, has opened a rifle gallery at 848 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

Haslan kept on top of the aquatic ladder until he got Beached. Sullivan was on top of the pugilistic ladder until Sheedy brought him to Cardiff.

Arthur Chambers writes that although Joe Acton was defeated for the first time in this country by Evan Lewis, the former can be backed to wrestle any man in the world, best two in three falls, catch-as-catch-can, for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. Lewis did conquer Acton, but it was owing to Acton not being on edge.

The following explains itself: To the Sporting Editor.

Sir—I will back Mile. M. Perley to swim any lady swimmer in America—distance one to three miles—for any sum up to \$500; or I will back her for fancy or trick swimming for the same amount. J. P. JOHNSON, New Brighton, Staten Island.

Roger Tiebome, the claimant, called on April 15 at the POLICE GAZETTE office and stated that he was anxious to shoot at 25 or 50 pigeons, London Gun Club rules, with Wm. Graham, the English champion. Tiebome is a great wing shot. He was beaten in England in a match by Graham by one bird. Graham killed 20 out of 21 and Tiebome 19. The twentieth bird was killed with one barrel and fell dead just out of bounds.

The tenth annual picnic and games of the Pastime Athletic Club will take place at the Empire City Coliseum, May 25. The following events will be open to all amateurs: 220 yard run, handicap; 440 yard run, handicap; ½ mile run, handicap; 1 mile run, handicap; 1 mile run, handicap; high jump, handicap. Entries close with John P. Boyle, 1,171 2d ave.

Eugene Atkins, champion feather-weight of Michigan, and George Siddons, champion feather-weight of Pennsylvania, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules near Danville, Ill., on April 18 for \$200 and a purse of \$300. The battle was a desperate one and the men fought in a drenching rainstorm, and after twelve rounds had been fought the referee declared the fight a draw. Siddons would no doubt have won.

The New York "World," on April 15, published the following:

To the Editor of the World: DEAR SIR—I received word to-day that John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, was to be bluffed at through the columns of a sporting paper in New York. In this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE I believe Jake Kilrain is to issue a challenge for the sole purpose of notoriety, having no intention of meeting John L. Sullivan, knowing as he does that Mr. Sullivan is unable to make a match on account of his broken arm. It is curious that these would-be champions are all the while issuing challenges when there is no fear of being called. When Mr. Sullivan and I were in Boston we could not hear a word from Kilrain, but the minute we left there he wrote the papers that he don't think he is Sullivan's equal, but that he would be willing to meet him for 35 per cent. of the gate receipts. When that died out and we were showing in Baltimore I offered to make any kind of a match with him, the winner to take all, but he wouldn't have it. Now that we have business engagements a long way ahead, he finds a backer for \$2,000. It is curious that Mr. Kilrain could never shut backing when the champion and his manager were about and the former's arm was all right. I have always believed that Kilrain was a coward. Now I can prove it. He said a few weeks ago that he believed it would be several months before John L. could use his injured arm again. We told him we intended going to Australia about Sept. 1, and he is now challenging a man to meet him in four or six weeks, when he knows that it is an impossibility. Pat Kilrain, of Duluth, Minn., will fight Kilrain any style for gate receipts or for \$2,000 or \$3,000 a side, but Kilrain prefers to make a reputation off a man who has met all comers from every portion of the globe and defeated them. I told Kilrain once that Kilrain would whip him for \$5,000 of my money. Kilrain whipped Joe Lannon in 9 rounds, seven of which he fought with a broken hand, while it took Kilrain 11 rounds to finish Joe. Kilrain would no more face Sullivan if John's arm was all right than he would a mad bull, but, like all cowards, he likes to blow his horn when he feels secure. Will any future champion do what Sullivan has done—meet all comers from all parts and never issue a challenge that he did not mean, or to a disabled man? Now that every one knows Sullivan wants to rest his arm, it is very easy for a big coward to jump up and challenge him for \$2,000. You can see a hundred such challenges in every week. While I am Mr. Sullivan's manager it is certain that no newspaper sparring can get on any soft match with him. The champion can make more money sparring and elevate himself and his calling more than by giving heed to persons unmanly enough to challenge him when he is disabled. Hoping you will give this space in your valuable paper, I remain respectfully yours, P. F. SHEEDY.

Manager for John L. Sullivan, champion of the world. Connellsville, Pa., April 12.

The great dog fight for the championship of the Northwest between Irish Jack and Jumbo was fought near Minneapolis on April 12. Jumbo is well known among sporting men, as he had been winner in two notable battles. He is a tan colored English bull terrier, 2½ years old and weighed 45½ pounds. Irish Jack is a black terrier, 2 years old, and had never before been in a fight. He weighed 45 pounds, which is five pounds heavier than he will fight at again. Considerable money was put up on the match. Jumbo had the greatest number of friends, and offers of money on him were frequent. Altogether there was over \$700 on the fight. The noise continued from 10 o'clock until 12 o'clock, when the two owners of the dogs came into the pit and another half hour was spent in the selection of a referee. The tasting and washing occupied the time from 12.30 o'clock, when the dogs came into the pit, until 1 o'clock. The terms of the fight were for \$500 a side, "Police Gazette" rules to govern. A scratch was to last until one of the dogs broke his hold, and there was to be 30 seconds' rest between scratches. Jumbo won and went for Jack's corner, but not with much vim. Jack got the first hold and showed quickly that he was the gamiest dog. He is quicker than Jumbo and more anxious to fight. When Jack scratched he got a good hold on the side of the jaw, which Jumbo broke and got Jack by the neck, but did not keep his hold, and in the tussle the dogs went out of the pit. An attempt to separate them was unsuccessful, and they continued to fight. Jumbo showed that he was winded, but broke Jack's hold, and the dogs were separated after 7 minutes. It was Jack's next turn to scratch and Jumbo waited in his corner for him. Jack got a good neck hold and kept it until Jumbo got him by the top of the neck and the scratch ended. Jack had decidedly the best of it. Jumbo did better work in the next scratch, got a neck hold and a leg hold, but failed to keep either. Jack got a hold on the side of the head and had the best of the scratch. Jumbo waited in his corner when Jack scratched for the sixth scratch of the fight, but the scratch didn't last more than 30 seconds. In the seventh and last scratch, Jumbo refused to leave his corner, and the fight was given to Irish Jack. Neither dog was hurt, and the only reason that Jumbo stopped was because there is no fight in him. He got good holds, but failed to keep a single one.

Still another trophy for the boxers. Richard K. Fox has decided to give a diamond belt equal in value to the heavy,

middle and light-weight diamond belts to represent the feather-weight championship of the world. Boxers of the feather-weight division are informed that at present there is no feather-weight champion of the prize ring. Tommy Warren, of San Francisco, Patsy O'Leary, of Louisville, Tommy Danforth, of New York, Johnny Murphy, of Boston, Jack Havelin, of Boston, Ike Weil, of Boston, and Jimmy Collins, of Port Richmond, Pa., all claim the championship. Richard K. Fox has decided to have the question settled. He has ordered to be manufactured a belt to represent the feather-weight championship of the world. The trophy will be of different design to the heavy, middle and light-weight diamond belts, but it will be just as valuable as any of the above trophies, which represent in the aggregate over \$5,000. After the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which will represent the feather-weight championship of the world, is finished, it will be open for competition, and the first of the feather-weight division who put up their money will have the first claim on the trophy. The following are the rules which will govern:

RULE 1—The "Police Gazette" diamond belt shall represent the feather-weight championship of the world, and be open for every man whose weight does not exceed 120 pounds to compete for.

RULE 2—All contests for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt shall be fought according to the new rules of the London prize ring and "Police Gazette" rules, optional with the men arranging the contest.

RULE 3—The holder of the trophy will be the recognized champion pugilist of the world, and will be required to defend the trophy against all comers.

RULE 4—All matches for the belt shall be no less a sum than one thousand (\$1,000) dollars a side or upward, at the option of the holder.

RULE 5—The belt shall be subject to challenge from any pugilist in the world, but no challenge will be accepted unless a deposit of \$250 is posted with the office of the POLICE GAZETTE.

RULE 6—Challenges shall date from the day of their receipt by the stakeholder, and the holder of the belt shall be in duty bound to arrange a match with the first challenger.

RULE 7—All contests shall take place within three months, or sooner, if optional with the holder, from the date of receipt of challenge by the stakeholder.

RULE 8—The holder of the belt must contend for the belt every four months if challenged, and not more than three times in twelve months.

RULE 9—In all matches for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt the donor shall be stakeholder, and his representative must be present at every contest for the trophy, in order to settle any dispute in question that may arise in regard to the rules.

RULE 10—The donor of the belt shall also, if optional with the principals, select the battle ground, and shall act as or appoint the referee.

RULE 11—In all contests for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt the donor or his representative shall settle all disputes in regard to time of weighing, and in the selection of the battle ground.

RULE 12—In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, if not, the stakeholder or his representative, shall select, name and notify both men of the next time and place of fighting.

RULE 13—All contests for the belt must be fought in the United States or Canada, and the holder of the trophy will have no power to select the fighting ground, but will mutually agree with the challenger and holder upon the selection of the place.

RULE 14—If the holder of the belt and the challenger agree upon the place of meeting, the stakeholder will select the fighting ground.

RULE 15—The belt shall become the personal property of any pugilist who wins it three times in succession, or holds it three years against all comers.

RULE 16—The winner or holder of the belt must give satisfactory security for the safe keeping of the same, and be prompt to return it to the stakeholder when called for.

RULE 17—The belt must be delivered to the stakeholder thirty days prior to a contest, and the holder refusing any challenge will forfeit all claims and rights to the trophy.

The proposed match between Kilrain and Sullivan is the topic of conversation. On April 15 a backer of Kilrain called at this office and deposited \$1,000 forfeit on behalf of Kilrain to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 a side and the championship. Two well-known sporting men of Baltimore have written to this office that if Sullivan will agree to fight Kilrain within 15 miles of Baltimore they will make the match for all the money Pat Sheedy wants to bet, even if it is \$10,000 a side.

Frank Stevenson says: "Sullivan will have to look out if he meets Kilrain according to prize ring rules to a finish."

Loe Curtis says: "Jake Kilrain is no coward; he has never been whipped. What does Pat Sheedy mean?"

Jack Dempsey says: "No one, I am sure, can call Jake Kilrain a coward."

Mike Davis says: "Sheedy had a nerve, calling Kilrain a coward. I should like to know on what ground Sheedy makes the statement. Why don't he get out and take Sullivan's place if the latter cannot defend the title of champion?"

Patsy Troy, of Baltimore, says: "You can bet Sullivan never said Jake Kilrain was a coward. Sheedy would not bet a cent on Sullivan without he could fix it so Sullivan could not lose."

Charley Goodwin, of Baltimore, says: "Pat Sheedy should not say Jake Kilrain was a coward in front of me. I would make him put up his money."

Jim Gumble, of Baltimore, says: "There is no coward's blood in Kilrain. I don't believe Sheedy would say so."

Prof. Wm. Clarke, of St. Louis, says: "Jake Kilrain has proved himself well worthy of being matched against Sullivan."

Tom Barry says: "Pat Sheedy is too cunning to match Sullivan to fight anyone except for gate money. Sheedy is looking for his share, and there is not money enough for Sheedy in Sullivan engaging in a genuine glove fight."

Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn, says: "If Sullivan and Kilrain fight it will be worth a long journey to witness."

Arthur Chambers says: "If the big fellow and Kilrain fight Sullivan will win."

Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, says: "If a match is arranged between John L. and Jake Kilrain it will create a great sensation."

Mark Maguire says: "You mark my words, Sullivan will never fight again."

Jim Keenan, of Boston, says: "I should like to know if Pat Sheedy can prove Jake Kilrain a coward."

Patsy Sheppard says: "Pat Sheedy had no right to say Jake Kilrain is a coward. I don't believe he ever said so."

John Charles of Baltimore says: "Pat Sheedy would not put such bluffs in the papers and style Kilrain 'coward' if he was in this city. The boys would not stand it, for Jake is a Baltimorean."

John H. Lewis of Baltimore says: "Who is the biggest coward, Pat Sheedy or Jake Kilrain? I would stack on the latter, and Jake is no good if he does not make Sheedy take it back when he meets him."

Ex-Alderman Phil Casey of Brooklyn says: "Sullivan is a great man, and Kilrain may be a great man also. Pat Sheedy could not have done Jake Kilrain a greater favor than call him a coward. Every sporting man is now sympathizing with Kilrain, because they know that he is no coward and his record proves it. When John C. Heenan was champion of America he accepted all challenges, so did Jim (Yankee) Sullivan. If a man wants to keep on top of the heap he must battle to do so. Sullivan should either agree to meet Kilrain or retire."

T. J. Brosnan, of the Sea Side House, Rockaway, says: "After a man puts up \$1,000 to back up a challenge to fight the champion, and the latter refuses to accept the challenge and cover the money, who is the coward?"

Al. Smith says: "All a champion has to do when he is challenged is to accept the deft or refuse to do so. I do not think Kilrain is able to conquer Sullivan; nevertheless, he might give him a good fight. Sullivan will hardly make a match unless it is to be a four or six-round glove contest."

Jack Bowen, of Baltimore, says: "Pat Sheedy's bluff might do among the hoosiers. He will be called if he comes to this town unless he retracts that Jake Kilrain is a coward."

"Fair play is a jewel," Charley Carroll, of Baltimore, says, "but Sheedy has not got such a gem, or he would not kick over the traces because Kilrain challenged his champion to fight for \$5,000 a side. Sullivan cannot ignore Kilrain's challenge, now it is backed up with \$1,000 of Uncle Sam's treasury notes."

The well-known Baltimore sport, Ras Levy, says: "Pat Sheedy will want to have a 44-calibre Smith & Wesson if he strikes Baltimore. The boys are mighty hot over what he published about Kilrain."



## THE REFEREE.

## His Thoughts and Opinions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I learn that the challenge of Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, published in the last issue of this paper to fight John L. Sullivan for \$2,500 and the championship of America, has created quite a sensation among sporting circles throughout the country.

If any other boxer but Kilrain had thrown down the gauntlet to meet Sullivan, little attention would have been paid to the fight, but as Kilrain has gained victory after victory and never been defeated in any of his numerous contests, the general opinion is that Sullivan, if he desires to stand the premier of the athletic fraternity, will have to meet Kilrain.

By the way, Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, but a native of Cambridge, Mass., has created a sensation by issuing a challenge to meet John L. Sullivan, the champion, in the arena for \$2,500 a side and the championship of America. Kilrain has got backers ready to find the means of war and he means business.

Sullivan will either have to agree to meet him or come out flat-footed and refuse to do so.

It is claimed that Pat F. Sheedy, who is managing the champion, dubbed Kilrain a coward for sending forth the challenge. Sheedy may have styled Kilrain a coward, and if he did it was possibly in the moment of excitement.

I should like to know when Kilrain displayed any cowardice. He has faced every man who ever challenged him.

He has fought battles with all the leading boxers in America, never quit or showed the white feather.

He never met Sullivan simply because the champion belonged in Boston, where Kilrain was raised, and Jim Keenan, Kilrain's backer, was not eager to pit him against Sullivan.

Kilrain has met just the same class of boxers as Sullivan, and leaving out the battle between Paddy Ryan and Sullivan, I think Kilrain's record is nearly as creditable as the champion's.

Charley Mitchell is, in my opinion, the best of the class of boxers that either Sullivan or Kilrain ever met, and yet Mitchell did not conquer Kilrain.

Just look at the record of the man it is claimed that Pat Sheedy styles a coward.

Jake Kilrain was born in Greenpoint, L. I., on Feb. 8, 1859. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighs 190 pounds. He gained his first notoriety as a pugilist in 1880, when he knocked out Dangerous Jack of New York, in three rounds. On March 10, 1883, he bested Pete McCoy, at Sullivan's benefit in Boston. In April he defeated John Allen in a four-round glove contest. The following month he met and easily vanquished George Godfrey, the heavy-weight colored pugilist, in 3 rounds.

In October, 1883, Kilrain met Jim Goode, the newly arrived English pugilist, and after fighting 6 rounds the referee decided it a draw, but admitted Kilrain to have had the best of it all through the contest. Kilrain has had several friendly set-toes with John L. Sullivan. The champion has always declared Kilrain is the best man he ever faced. He is game, quick, active and a powerful hitter. He fought a draw battle with Charley Mitchell, at Boston, on March 24, 1884.

Kilrain also met Mike Cleary in a similar contest in Madison Square Garden, on June 26, 1884. Billy Edwards was referee, and declared the contest a draw. Kilrain also boxed Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, at Cambridge, Mass. The conditions were 4 rounds, Queensberry rules, and Kilrain had decidedly the best of the encounter, and could have knocked Sheriff out if he had desired to do so.

He also defeated Jerry Murphy, the Bargo giant; Alf Greenfield, who flourished as champion of England; Jack Burke, Jack Ashton, the winner of a dozen battles. Fought a draw, 1 round, with Frank Herald, and whipped Joe Lannon, who every sporting man of Boston, except Jim Keenan, looked upon as the best man, next to Sullivan.

I should like to know, with the exception of Sullivan, what man has a better record than Kilrain, judging, of course, by the class of boxers he has met.

Sullivan, as every one knows, has proved himself a wonder, and he has figured in more battles than Kilrain, but if the latter had the same opportunities Sullivan has had he would also have a long list of entries to his name.

The following is a record of Sullivan: Sullivan was born in Boston on Oct. 15, 1858, he stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and weighs, trained, 198 pounds—that is, when he is in fighting condition. The following are his victories:

Defeated Joe Goss at McManis Hall, Boston, Mass., in the spring of 1880, time, 3 minutes; Geo. Rooke, in New York in the spring of 1880, time, 7 minutes; Prof. John Donaldson, for a purse of \$500, at Cincinnati, Dec. 20, 1880, in 10 rounds, time, 20 minutes; Steve Taylor, at New York, March 31, 1881, time, 3 minutes; John Flood, for a purse of \$1,000, with kid gloves, on a barge up the Hudson River, near Yonkers, N. Y., May 16, 1881, in 8 rounds, time 16 minutes; Paddy Ryan, for \$5,000 and the championship of America, with bare knuckles, at Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1882, in 9 rounds, time, 11 minutes; Jimmy Elliott, at New York City, July 4, 1882, 3 rounds, time, 7 minutes; Tug Wilson (a draw), at New York City, July 17, 1882, in 4 rounds, time, 12 minutes; Charley Mitchell, at New York City, May 14, 1883, in 3 rounds, time, 7 minutes; Herbert A. Slade (the Maori), at New York City, Aug. 7, 1883, in 3 rounds, time, 7 minutes.

September, 1883, the champion started on a nine month's sparring tour of the United States and territories.

Defeated Fred. Robinson, of Butte City, Montana, Jan. 14, 1884, in 2 rounds, time, 4 minutes; George M. Robinson, at San Francisco, March 6, 1884, in 4 rounds, time 9 minutes; Robinson went down 68 times to avoid punishment; Alex. Marx, at Galveston, Texas, April 10, 1884, in 1 round, time, 1 minute 55 seconds; Dan Henry, at Hot Springs, Ark., April 9, 1884, in 1 round, time, 2 minutes; William Fleming, at Memphis, Tenn., May 1, 1884, in 1 round, time, 2 seconds; Enos Phillips, at Nashville, Tenn., May 2, 1884, in 4 rounds, time, 7 minutes; Prof. J. M. Laffin, at New York City, Nov. 10, 1884, in 3 rounds, time, 2 rounds; Alf Greenfield, at New York City, Nov. 18, 1884, in 2 rounds, time, 6 minutes 15 seconds; Alf Greenfield, at Boston, Mass., Jan. 12, 1885, in 4 rounds, time, 12 minutes; Paddy Ryan (a draw), the police interfered and stopped the match, time, 30 seconds; Jan. 19, 1885, Jack Burke, at Driving Park, Chicago, Ill., June 10, 1885, in 5 rounds, time, 15 minutes; Dominick McCaffrey, Aug. 23, 1885, at Chester Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, 6 rounds, time, 22 minutes; Frank Herald, at Allegheny City, Pa., Sept. 18, 1885, 8½ gloves, 2 rounds; the police stopped the battle and the referee declared Sullivan the winner; Paddy Ryan, at San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 13, 1885, in 3 rounds, with gloves.

I must allow this is a tablet of static victories that is wonderful. But where is there a man among the galaxy of boxers that Kilrain could not have either conquered or made the champion a draw if he had met them?

Kilrain is now in dead earnest to meet Sullivan. He issued a challenge to fight the champion for \$2,500 a side and the championship. The public are anxious to see the match arranged. Since Kilrain conquered Jack Ashton and Joe Lannon they believe him able to give the emperor a great battle.

Sullivan has nothing left to do but accept the challenge, for it is no bluff but a genuine declaration of war which I know is backed up by plenty of money. Sporting men of Bos-

ton, Baltimore and New York will find Kilrain the stakes. He is ready to fight for the championship and the champion will have to face the music by stating he will or will not meet Kilrain.

Posting a man a coward who has a first-class static record, because he issues a challenge, is out of place, and gives the public, I think, the idea that Sullivan does not want to meet Kilrain.

Why don't some of the feather-weights meet Jimmy Collins, of Port Richmond, Pa. I understand he can be matched to battle with any of the feather-weights for \$250 or \$500.

By the way, I was the means of a well-known sporting man of Troy, N. Y., offering a purse of \$250 for either Tommy Barnes and Patsy O'Leary, or the latter and Tommy Danforth, to mill for, "Police Gazette" rules. O'Leary was ready to go the journey, but Barnes and Danforth both refused to contend.

Now Charley Mitchell has arrived there should be a boom in prize ring matters. Mitchell will be in harness in a few weeks and ready to gallop against Sullivan or any of the heavy-weights. If Mitchell challenges Sullivan there will be wigs on the green.

Turf speculators are looking for the Suburban and Kentucky Derby winners. Queen and Sir Joseph are the latest tip. Neither will, I think, do the trick. There is, however, plenty of time to name the winner.

The John L. Sullivan combination, under the management of Pat Sheedy, appeared at Youngstown, Ohio, on April 14, and the opera house was packed.

In an interview Sullivan is quoted as stating: "Patsy Cardiff and I will meet at or near Minneapolis on June 1, that being the date and locality agreed upon. My arm is stronger than ever, except a stiffness in the muscles at the wrist and which will disappear in training. Yes, it is true that the prize ring has changed in the past twenty years. Formerly it was a question of brute strength, the opponents trying to kill each other. Now it is purely a display of science, without any murderous intentions. Cardiff is very clever, but I think he carries too much flesh to fight long, and he gets out of heart easily, which places him at a disadvantage."

"Yes, Charley Mitchell has been talking considerably. I shall be in Minneapolis on June 1, and I will be ready to accommodate Mitchell at any time or place before going to Australia. In the meantime let them get their best men together, single out any one they think can whip me, and they will find Sullivan ready to meet him. Of course, the day of fighting with bare knuckles is past in the States and Territories, and we would have to go to Old Mexico, which I am ready to do after the fight with Cardiff. I am tired of fighting in the ring, and will be glad when I can get out of it in an honorable way."

John McKay, the oarsman, arrived in Boston on April 13. McKay and Homer row double in a series of races with Wallace Ross and George W. Lee, which, from present indications, will take place on Memorial Day. McKay, in company with Homer, called at the Globe office on April 14 and said he never felt better in his life. If appearances go for anything he told the truth, as he is very fleshy, and it will take a lot of hard rowing to bring him down to his racing weight, 150 pounds. When asked about the series of races with Ross and Lee, he said:

"I leave the matter entirely in Homer's hands, as he has communicated with the New York double, and requested a place of meeting agreeable to both parties. As to rowing on the Bowery bay course I have no objections to offer, and am willing that they should come off on any fair course in the country, but George or myself will go on and have a look at the course, as neither one of us has ever seen it. It don't matter much to us whether we row on rough or smooth water, as we are accustomed to row in all kinds. As to the stakes, I am perfectly satisfied, and I feel quite confident of winning at least two of the three races. We would go to Worcester at once, but the ice is not wholly out of the lake yet."

"How about O'Connor's challenge, which was published in last Sunday's Globe?"

"I would be only too happy to accommodate him, but will have to give all my attention to the races which my partner has been arranging, as the Ross and Lee races had been under consideration long before O'Connor challenged me. Nevertheless, after the present series has been pulled off, then I will give him prompt attention. I have at present two Ruddock singles, two Davy doubles, and Davis of Portland is building another double for us, which we will give a good trial, and the fastest one will be used in our race. I have been taking light exercise, and have done considerable work since last fall."

Jack McAuliffe of Brooklyn has a great record as a boxer, and he has fairly won his spurs in the prize ring. He has issued a challenge to fight Jimmy Kearney for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt. The challenge to Kearney, as far as the stakes are concerned, goes, but the belt will not be included in a match between Kearney and McAuliffe.

Jimmy Mitchell and Paddy Smith were the first to fight for the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, and they have the first claim to again contend for the title. Smith's backers are ready to arrange the match, and Chambers is ready to put up for Mitchell against any 135-pound man in America for the "Police Gazette" belt.

If McAuliffe is eager to fight Mitchell, and Smith's backers are willing to withdraw, then McAuliffe can have the first chance, but the "Police Gazette" belt cannot be fought for unless Mitchell and Smith are satisfied.

Charley Mitchell, the popular English boxer, arrived on the Arabia from England. In company with Billy Madden and a delegation of sporting men, he called at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Mitchell is enjoying the best of health, and is going on a pleasure trip before he goes into harness. Mitchell said: "There is no truth in the report that I had a quarrel with Jim Smith. After our starting tour through the English provinces we ended our business relations in a most friendly manner. Smith will probably come over later, but I cannot say at present whether we will show together."

At Pittsburgh, on April 10, John L. Sullivan and Dominick McCaffrey shook hands very cordially. Jack Dempsey and Charley Mitchell will not follow suit when they meet.

While exercising at Louisville, Ky., on April 13, Asfatius, a three-year-old b. c. by King Ban, fell and broke his leg and was shot. Charles Taylor, his jockey, was also seriously injured. Asfatius had been entered for the Kentucky Derby, and was owned by Mrs. G. McCampbell.

Prof. Wm. Clark is to have a grand swimming race for the "Police Gazette" medal Richard K. Fox is to offer for the St. Louis champions.

D. B. Harrington, the popular trainer and driver, of the Hudson River Driving Park, at Poughkeepsie, is having great improvements made on the track, and he says the spring meeting in June will be a grand affair. Harrington will have Richard K. Fox's famous team, Sir Mohawk and Nellie Sontag, under his care this season.

On April 9 the Pat Killen combination appeared at Eau Claire, Wis. The exhibition opened by McDonald, of Butte City, and Smith, of Omaha, followed by mandolin and guitar; next came four of the local talent of Eau Claire, promising boys all of them. Then came Pat Killen and the Montana boy, a lively set-to. More music. Patsy Conannon came to the front and challenged any one in Eau Claire, 140 pounds or under, to stand in front of him. No one volunteering, he warned the lungs of a Northbride. Killen, the champion, and Smith, the Nebraska giant, now had a grand set-to, which pleased the audience greatly. Conannon knocked Quinlan, of Chippewa Falls, out on Friday night, and Quinlan agreed to follow Con to Eau Claire, but he failed to put in an appearance. Credit should be given to Fred Burnand, the manager, for the very able and orderly manner in which the whole performance was conducted.

## LATEST SPORTING.

"Young" Nolan of Philadelphia and Jack Baldwin of Canada fought eleven rounds in Philadelphia on April 10 with bare knuckles. The former won.

Charles Scholl and Jack Bates of Youngstown, were to have fought to a finish for \$100 a side near Brierhill, Pa., on April 9, but Scholl went away for fear of the sheriff before Bates arrived.

The Pastime Athletic Club games committee have decided to give the following programme of events at the annual spring games to be held at Jones' Woods on Wednesday, May 25, at 3 P. M.: 220-yard, 440-yard, 880-yard and 2-mile run, 1-mile walk, high jump, all handicap, and 1-mile run for those who never beat 5 minutes. Dancing will follow the games.

The great cocking main between North Carolina and Washington began at Portsmouth, Va., on April 13. The conditions were for each side to show 31 cocks and fight all that weighed in for \$50 each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight. Twenty-one cocks were matched, and the birds all appeared in good condition. Eight battles were fought on that day, Washington winning six of them.

Prof. Erni, the champion one-legged bicyclist of the age, who is now exhibiting at Eau Claire, Wis., will start from Boston, Mass., about June 1 and travel by bicycle to San Francisco, Cal. This is a most extraordinary journey for a one-legged man to perform, and would seem an impossibility, but Prof. Erni is a man of powerful physique and will undoubtedly accomplish the journey successfully.

Jack Havelin of Boston is willing to meet Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, for any amount up to \$1,000 a side for stake money, or if Murphy does not accept the offer of the purse of \$500, Havelin will meet him for it, provided he can have five weeks to train in. He is working every day at Boston now and cannot afford to leave his job for that length of time to train unless a match is assured, and it will be impossible for him to get into condition in a much shorter space of time.

At the University grounds, Morgantown, West Virginia, on April 9, there was a slashing prize ring encounter between James Irwin and Benj. Dering, both of Morgantown. No seconds were chosen. Wm. Joseph and Doc Casselberry, Jr. were appointed time keepers and Jacob Her. Stine, an ex-champion prize fighter, was appointed referee. Exactly at 10 o'clock P. M. time was called and the mill commenced. It was a stinging fight according to "Police Gazette" rules. After four severe rounds were fought Dering was declared the victor.

Mike Lucie of Philadelphia and James Lynch of Albany fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse of \$500, at Troy, N. Y., on April 15. Only four rounds were fought, and in the last round Lucie forced the fighting, and before Lynch had time to get in a blow Lucie, quicker than a flash, sent the left on the sore cheek again, and then drove his right on Lynch's throat, knocking him all in a heap. The Albanian could not regain his feet, and was carried from the room in a semi-unconscious condition. The fight was given to Lucie and the crowd dispersed.

At the Louisiana Jockey Club meeting at New Orleans, April 15, the Cottrell stakes for three-year-olds, \$500 added, 1¼ miles, Withrow won by half a length, Volcano second, two lengths ahead of Hindoo Rose, third, beating Tom Hood, Mahoney, Florio, Allee Moore and Romp. Time 2:13½, the best time ever made for the distance over that track by three-year-olds with weights up. The winner carried 5 pounds penalty for having won the Pickwick stakes, making his weight 117 pounds. Blaylock rode the winner. Fourth race, selling, 1:16 miles, Our Friend won easily by three lengths, Handy Andy second, a length ahead of Watch 'Em, third, beating Valet. Time, 1:53.

Mike Kearney, of Lynn, Mass., has been in training for a fight to a finish with two ounce gloves with Jack Burns for \$200. It had been arranged to have the affair pulled off at Lynn, Mass., on April 13. Kearney's friends left the securing of a barge with Burns' backers, and they were to start from a given point at 8 P. M. sharp for the battle ground. The hour arrived, but no barge showed up. Several of the would-be spectators started on foot, thinking that the barge would overtake them. The hours dragged on, but Burns and his backers failed to put in an appearance. It subsequently transpired that Burns learned that Jack Havelin was to handle Kearney. Then the bugbear was raised that the police were on to the affair. As a matter of fact, the police knew nothing about it, and Kearney's friends say that if Burns wished to prove his superiority over Kearney he could have demonstrated the fact without being molested.

The sporting fraternity of Boston are eager to see a match arranged between Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and Johnny Murphy. One sporting man belonging to Boston's new athletic club offers to give a purse of \$500 for the bantams to fight to a finish, with small gloves, at 118 pounds, the men to weigh at any time they may agree upon; the referee to be any one they may elect, the timekeepers to be one on each side, selected by the contestants personally at the club room in which they may meet; the purse to go either to the winner entirely or to be divided, \$400 for the victor and \$100 for the loser; the match to be made within two weeks and not more than five weeks from the signing of articles, which shall be done at the Globe office upon any date within a week which the Spider or Murphy may elect. If the young pet of the Crib Club does not see fit to accept the above offer, Jack Havelin, who is also anxious to have a go with the Spider, will have the preference to engage for the purse.

Ed. Duffy, of East Newark, and Frank Cavanagh, of Newark, fought in a big barn near Third street, in East Newark, on April 15. The fight was for \$150 a side, with hard gloves, for the middle-weight championship of New Jersey. Cavanagh weighed 160 pounds and Duffy was two pounds heavier. The ring was staked on the flooring of earth. Duffy lit out with his right and caught Cavanagh behind the ear, knocking him down. The first knock down was claimed and allowed, and the round ended in Duffy's favor. In the second round Cavanagh took Duffy by storm, catching him a heavy blow on the right eye and bringing the first blood through a frightful gash. Following his advantage, he knocked Duffy all around the ring, flooring him three times so heavily that at the end of the round his seconds had to carry him to his corner. In the third round Duffy sparred feebly for wind. Cavanagh, fresh as a lark, forced the fighting, and after three blows in quick succession caught Duffy a right-hander under the jaw and knocked him completely off his feet. Duffy tried to rise three times, but at each attempt he fell forward on his face. Time was called before he recovered his feet, and the referee declared Cavanagh the winner. The fight was over in less than 15 minutes.

A slashing mill was decided in a barn near this city on April 12 between Jack Kenny, the well-known Harlem feather-weight, and Eddy Danforth, a brother of the feather-weight, Tommy Danforth. The men agreed a week before to fight with 2-ounce gloves for a purse of \$150. About fifty sports and friends of the pugilists witnessed the affair. The man whose duty it was to bring the gloves forgot them, and kid gloves were used instead. Danforth is thirty-two years old, 5 feet 3 inches in height, and weighed 132 pounds. Kenny is nineteen years old, 5 feet 1 inch high and weighs 123 pounds. Danforth was seconded by his brother Tommy and Joe Kenny, while Billy Davis and Jack Nagle, the oarsman, performed the same office for Kenny. Only \$100 could be raised, and the men finally consented to fight for it. At the call of time both men sprang into position. Danforth looked in good condition, while Kenny looked fagged and worried.

In the first round Kenny's left landed on Danforth's cheek. They clinched, and breaking away Kenny again countered on Danforth's cheek. They clinched again, and both fell to the ground, regaining their feet just when time was called. In the second round Kenny's left hander on Danforth's eye split the skin, drawing blood. Danforth retaliated by smashing Kenny on the neck, the blow raising a lump as large as an egg. Kenny led again, but missed and Danforth swung his right, catching Kenny on the head, the blow nearly breaking his wrist. This rattled Kenny, and Danforth got in one of his brother's celebrated upper cuts. This ended the round. In the third round Danforth led and missed, Kenny saving himself by a neat duck, and then sent out his left, which landed on Danforth's ribs, knocking the wind completely out of him. They clinched, and in the struggle Kenny got in a terrific blow on the pugilist, which sent Danforth to the ground in a heap. He lay there 1 minute and 50 seconds insensible. The fight and the purse were awarded to Kenny.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to RICHARD K. FOX, "Police Gazette" Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York.

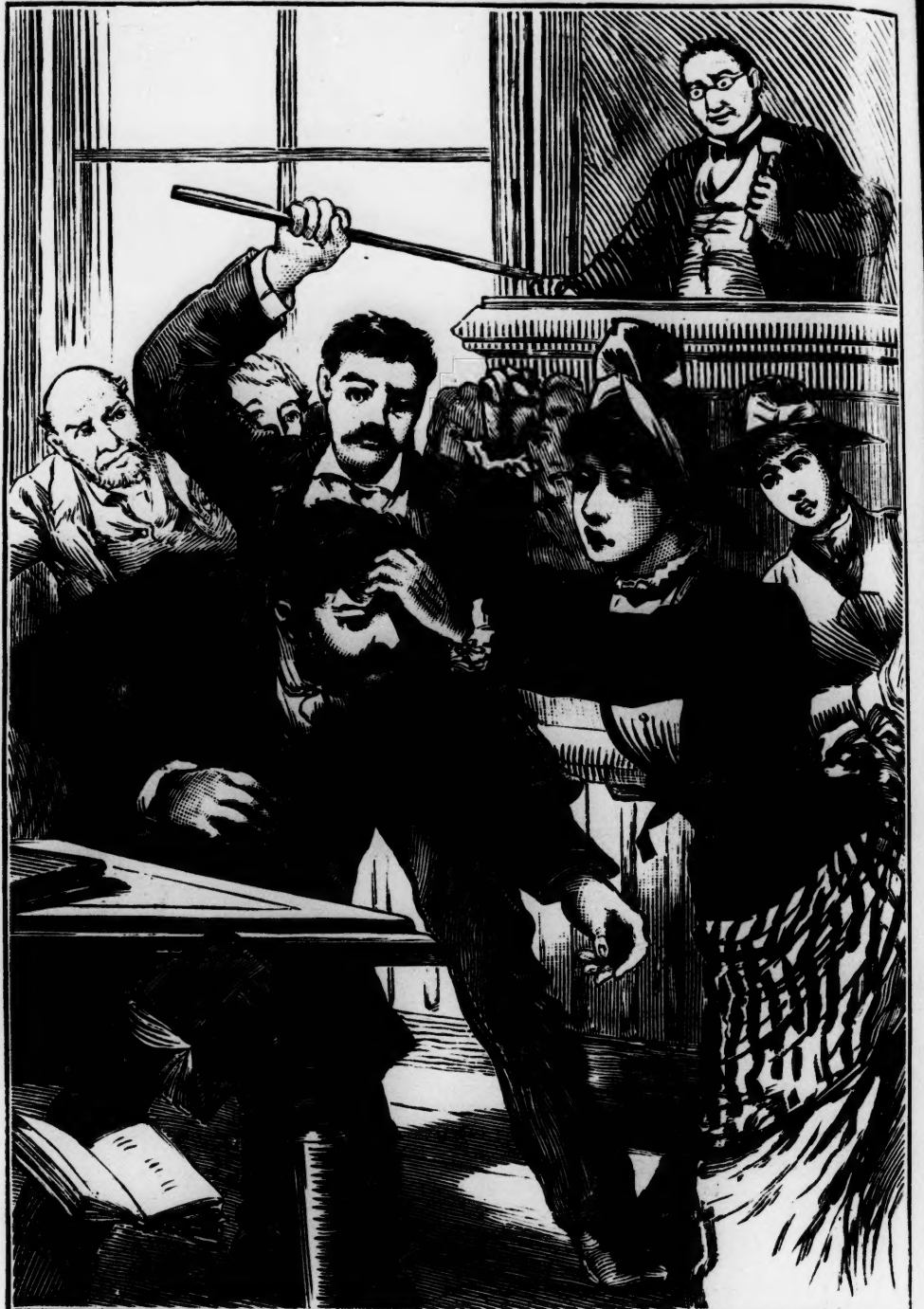
- J. M., Brooklyn.—No.  
D. L., Knightsville, Ind.—No.  
A. B., Laconia, N. H.—No. 2 is correct.  
CONSTANT READER, West Belleville.—Yes.  
J. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. Hanlan holds that title. 2. No. POLICE GAZETTE READER.—We do not keep such records.  
J. S., Baldwin, Mich.—He was not yet tried for the murder.  
J. E. S., Eureka, Nev.—No. 2. See London prize ring rules.  
W. A., Knoxville, Tenn.—The shield side of the coin is the head.  
F. H., Mississippi City.—Arthur Chambers stands 5 feet 3½ inches.  
J. M., Harrisburg, Pa.—Jack Dempsey has never been defeated. A wins.  
P. C., Duluth, Minn.—The decision of the referee settles the question.  
P. S. M., Chicago.—We do not know who is the champion at that game.  
J. F., Gunnison City, Col.—Margaret Woffington, the actress, died in 1790.  
J. T. C., Eddyville, Iowa.—Richard K. Fox was born at Belfast, Ireland, in 1848.  
R. O., Buffalo, N. Y.—Blondin crossed Niagara Falls on a rope on June 30, 1859.  
T. B., Moultrie, Fla.—B wins. Joe Acton is no relation to the party you name.  
M. M., Stendal, Ind.—John L. Sullivan was trained when he fought Paddy Ryan.  
N. O., Nashua, Iowa.—Nat Langham died at London, England, on Sept. 1, 1871.  
C. C., Anacosta, Mo.—Duncan C. Ross was born at Scutari, Turkey, May 16, 1855.  
W. S., Latonia, Ky.—1. The circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE is over 150,000. 2. No.  
G. D., Birmingham, Ala.—It was in 1854 that Hermit won the Two Thousand Guineas.  
D. S., Memphis.—1. No. 2. John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height. 3. Yes.  
H. S., Robertsdale, Ill.—Ned Price never fought Bob Brettie. 2. It is not the same party.  
M. B. Olinger, Aurora, Ill.—Charley Mitchell and Jack Dempsey never fought as opponents.  
R. S., Kansas City, Mo.—1. Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, was born in County Kildare, Ireland. 2. No.  
J. M., Kent ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Write to Prof. Mike Donovani, N. Y. Athletic club, N. Y. city.  
J. N., Johnstown, Pa.—Jenny Massey, the English pugilist, landed in New York on March 8, 1859.  
H. W., Florence, Wis.—1. Jimmy Shaw's dog Billy killed 100 rats in 5 minutes 30 seconds. 2. Yes.  
P. D., Sac City, Iowa.—1. M. H. Johnson ran 50 yards in 5½ seconds on Nov. 22, 1884, in New York city.  
J. R. F., Ulrichsville, Ohio.—The Illustrated Sporting World is publishing the old prize fights. 2. Yes.  
K. S., Pittston, Pa.—Paddy Ryan was born March 15, 1853. John L. Sullivan was born October 15, 1858.  
J. A., Farwell, Mich.—Jen. Belcher was born at Bristol, Eng., in 1781. 2. John Lawrence Sullivan. 3. No.  
SPORT, Atlanta, Ga.—"Fistiana" out of print. 2. Send for the Life of John Morrissey to this office. 3. No.  
M. J., Pottsville, Pa.—Charley Mitchell never defeated Jake Kilrain; further, no boxer ever conquered Kilrain.  
M. D., Oswego, N. Y.—Jena Ward was beaten by Josh Hudson in 4 rounds and by Peter Crawley in 11 rounds. 2. No.  
W. E., San Francisco, Cal.—1. The performance you made was not an extraordinary one. 2. Send for American Athlete.  
LEWIS C. CLARK, (Light Battery E, 1st U. S. Artillery), Van Couver Barracks, Wash. Ter.—The referee's decision settled the question.  
S. M., Chicago, Ill.—1. John L. Sullivan did knock out Jimmy Elliott in three rounds. 2. Ned Price never fought Bob Brettie. 3. You mean Joe Coburn.  
J. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. The penalty for prize fighting in Ohio is from 1 to 10 years, and a fine of \$1,000. 2. Jenny Massey came to this country in 1859.  
W. H. S., Worcester, Mass.—1. No. 2. It makes him a professional. 3. It rests with the parties in charge of the athletic sports. We should decide that he should not be allowed to compete.  
S. W., San Francisco.—The party who threw 41 is not entitled to either first or second prize. A and B, who threw 42, are to throw off the tie, and the party throwing the highest wins first prize.  
S. A., Bordentown, N. J.—1. Send for "Life of Paddy Ryan." 2. Figg was the first champion pugilist of England in 1719. 3. Jen. Mace was champion of England in 1861, when he defeated Sam Hurst.  
P. L., St. Louis, Mo.—1. W. Phillips rode 10 miles on a tricycle in 42 minutes 33½ seconds at Birmingham, Eng., on Sept. 30, 1880. 2. John C. Heenan weighed 182 pounds the day he fought Tom Sayers.  
B. J., Fort Clark, Texas.—1. Jim Burke, alias "Deaf Burke," fought Simon Byrne at Noman's Land, England, on May 30, 1833. 2. The battle lasted 2 hours 6 minutes and 99 rounds were fought. 3. Byrne died from the effects of the punishment he received. 4. No.  
A. C., Alexandria, Va.—The greatest distance walked in England by an American in 100 days, Sundays excluded, is 8,000 miles, 50 miles daily, 1,899½ miles in highroads and 3,000¼ miles in hails and inclosures, was made by E. P. Weston, of New York, on Nov. 21, 1883, to March 15, 1884.  
D. S., Chicago.—Jimmy Collins of Port Richmond, Pa., has defeated Jack Hannon, Philadelphia; Jack Lafferty, Philadelphia; Jack Skully, Glasgow, Scotland; Rodney Kenney, Baltimore; John Murphy, Providence; Wm. Loane, Philadelphia; John Coyle, Port Richmond; Dick Curtis, Port Richmond, fought the great Jack Keenan 96 rounds in Pennsylvania, N. J., July 28, 1876.  
J. W. and E. F., Kansas City.—Ed. F. Burke, the pugilist, of Arkansas, was born of Irish parents at Marcellus, Onondaga county, N. Y., in February, 1854. He began handling the gloves at an early age, and soon found his superiority to his companions. His first fight of note was a rough-and-tumble, at Amber Lake, while attending a horse trot. It was with a bruiser of some fame named Jackson, who weighed 170 pounds. Burke weighed 145 pounds, and was but 17 years old. Burke proved himself to be both pucky and durable, and soon made the big fellow say enough. Burke turned his attention to wrestling then, and won several matches. In March, 1887, he went to the West, and his first fight was with Jack Shay, on the banks of the Rio Grande river, London, Texas. Burke won after 19 hard rounds. He was then matched in Wise county, Texas, with Lili Williams, and won on a foul after eight rounds had been fought. He next won from Mike Campbell in 13 rounds. Defeated a big cattle driver, at Deaulon, in 10 rounds. He then went to Tennessee and defeated Jas. Lanan in 9 rounds. Was getting the best of a steamboat mate for \$100 a side, when the fight broke up in a row, and Burke lost his money. He next defeated Dan Burns, 6 rounds, outside of Clarksville, Texas. Next defeated George Swain, a border scout, in 8 rounds. Swain was considered a hard hitter in the Western country. Burke then made up his mind to quit the ring, which he did for over two years, when he was matched again with Pete Gallagher and won in 12 rounds, and so claimed the championship of Arkansas. Since then he has had two fights in the ring. One he fought in Texas, and won in 17 rounds, the other and last he fought at Hot Springs, Christmas Day, 1886, with Al. Shaner. Burke won in 7 rounds.





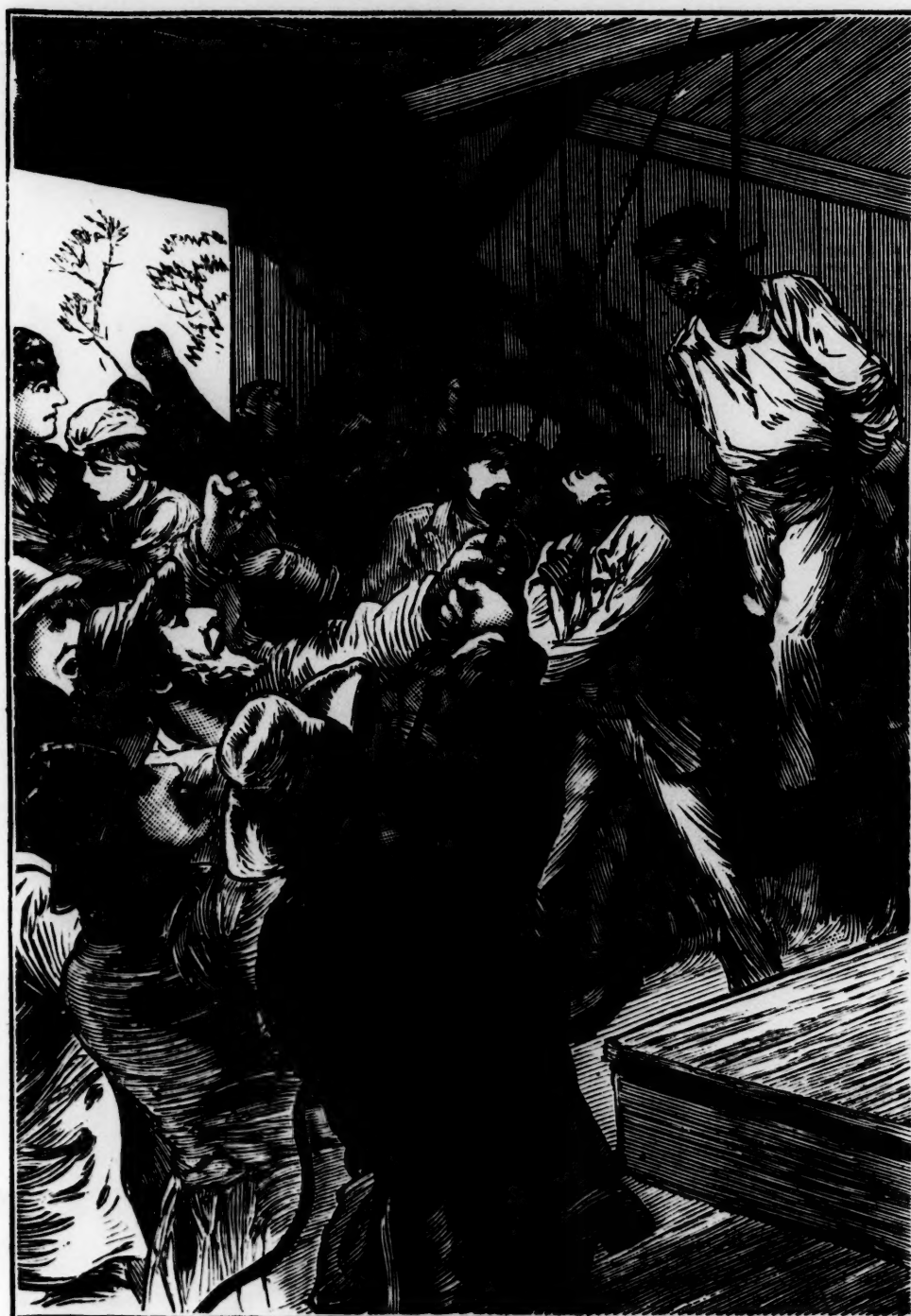
FLAMES IN SING SING.

FAMOUS CONVICTS GALLANTLY AND SUCCESSFULLY FIGHT A FIRE IN THE LAUNDRY OF THE STATE PRISON.



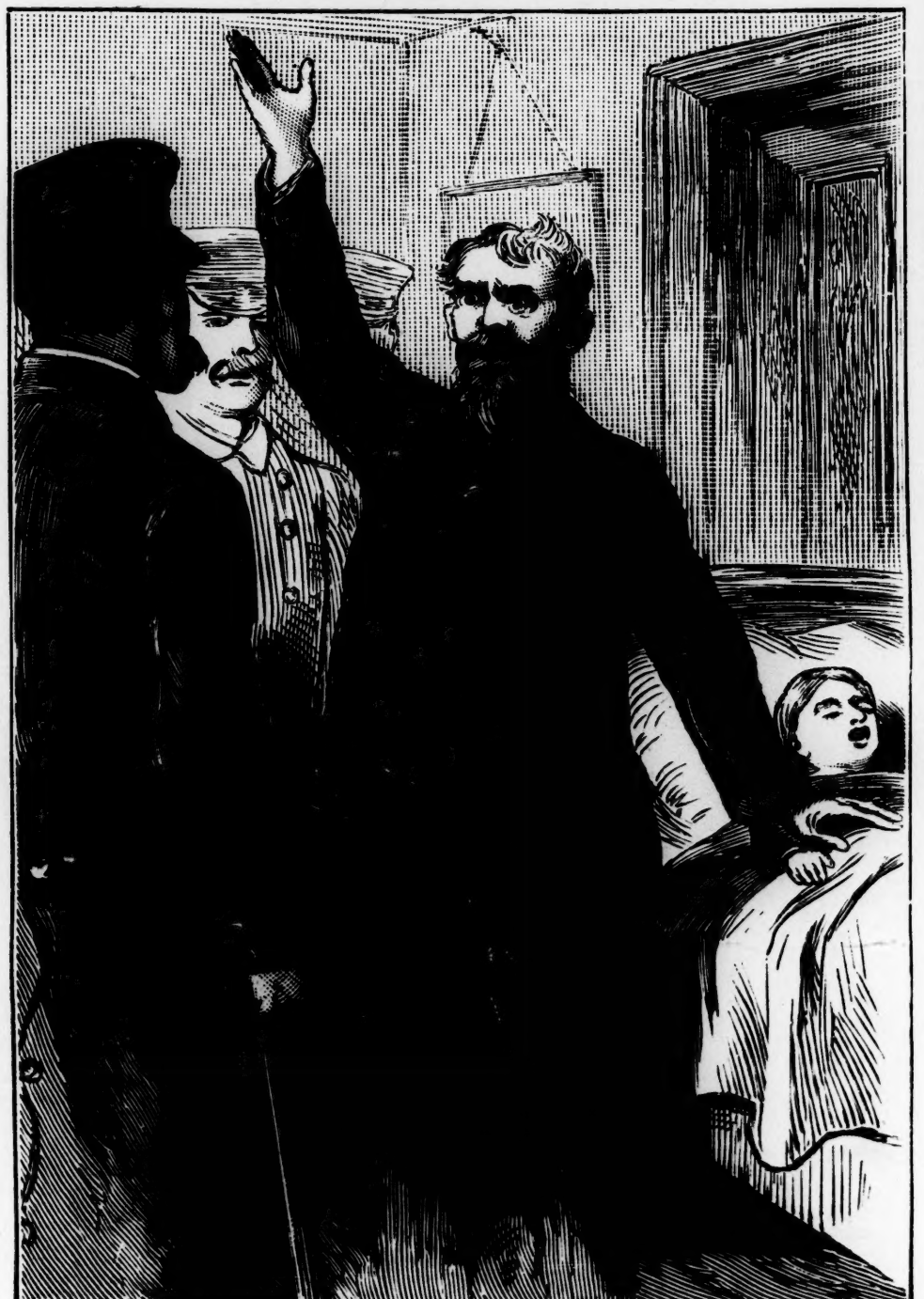
ASSAULTING AN ATTORNEY.

EX-CONGRESSMAN JOHN AMBER SMITH IS VIOLENTLY ATTACKED IN THE SUPREME COURT ROOM AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



LYNCHED IN COURT.

JOHN THOMAS, A YOUNG NEGRO, IS TREATED TO A SHORT CUT TO GLORY BY INDIGNANT WHITE MEN AT UNION CITY, TENN.



HE SWORE BY HIS DYING CHILD.

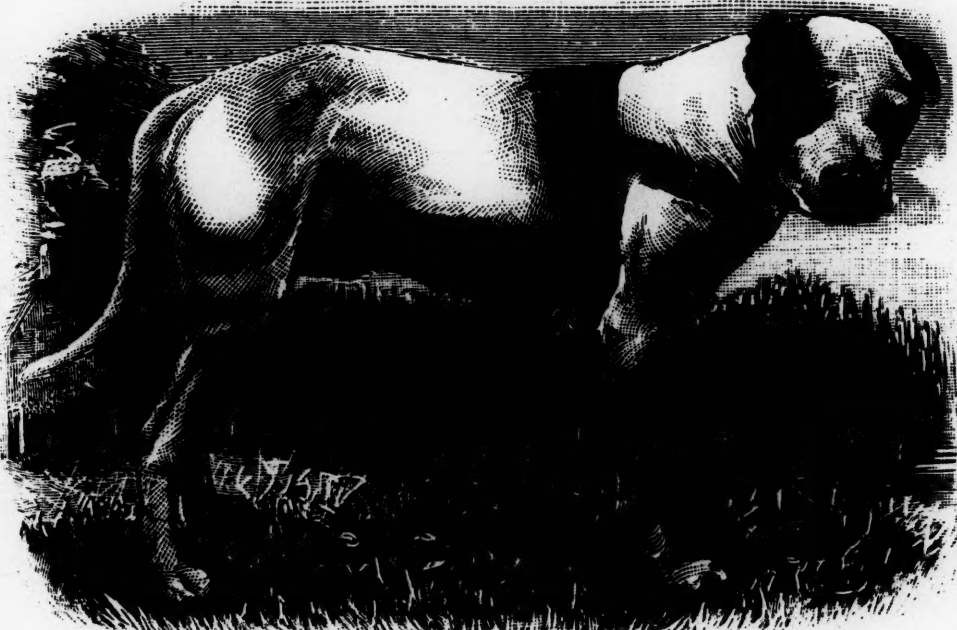
BISMARCK, ONE OF THE SUSPECTED MURDERERS OF THE REV. DR. HADDOCK, DECLARES HIS INNOCENCE AT SIOUX CITY, IOWA.





[Expressly Photographed for RICHARD E. FOX by JOHN WOOD, 208 Bowery.]

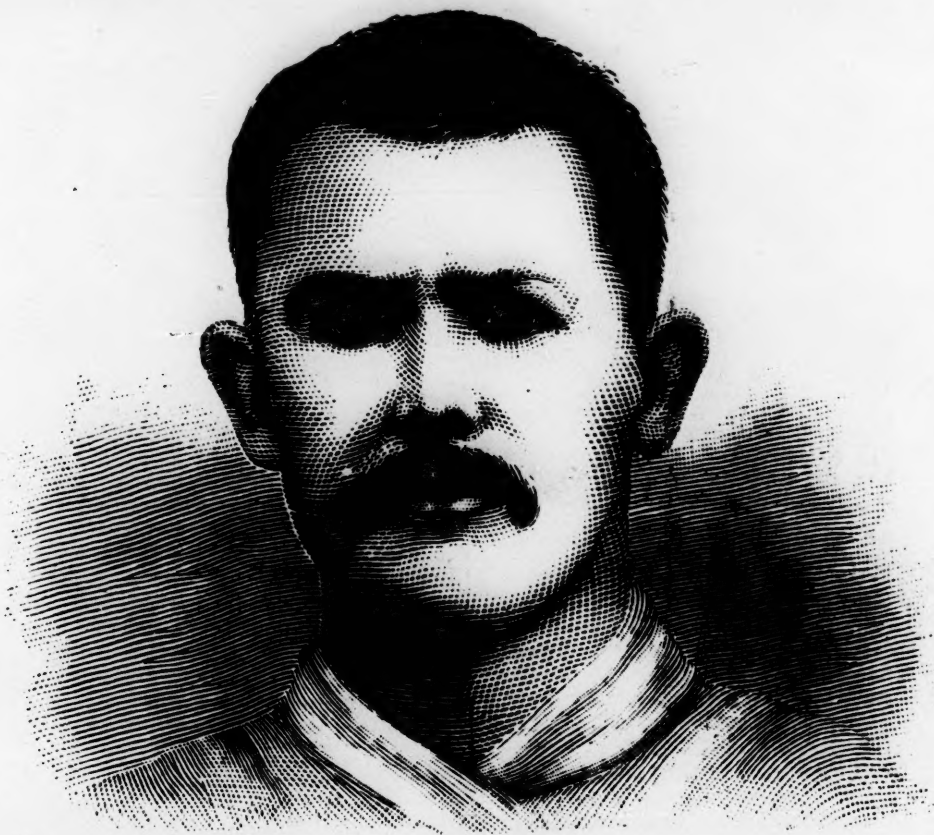
MARTIN HOGAN,  
THE FAMOUS LIGHT-WEIGHT JOCKEY.



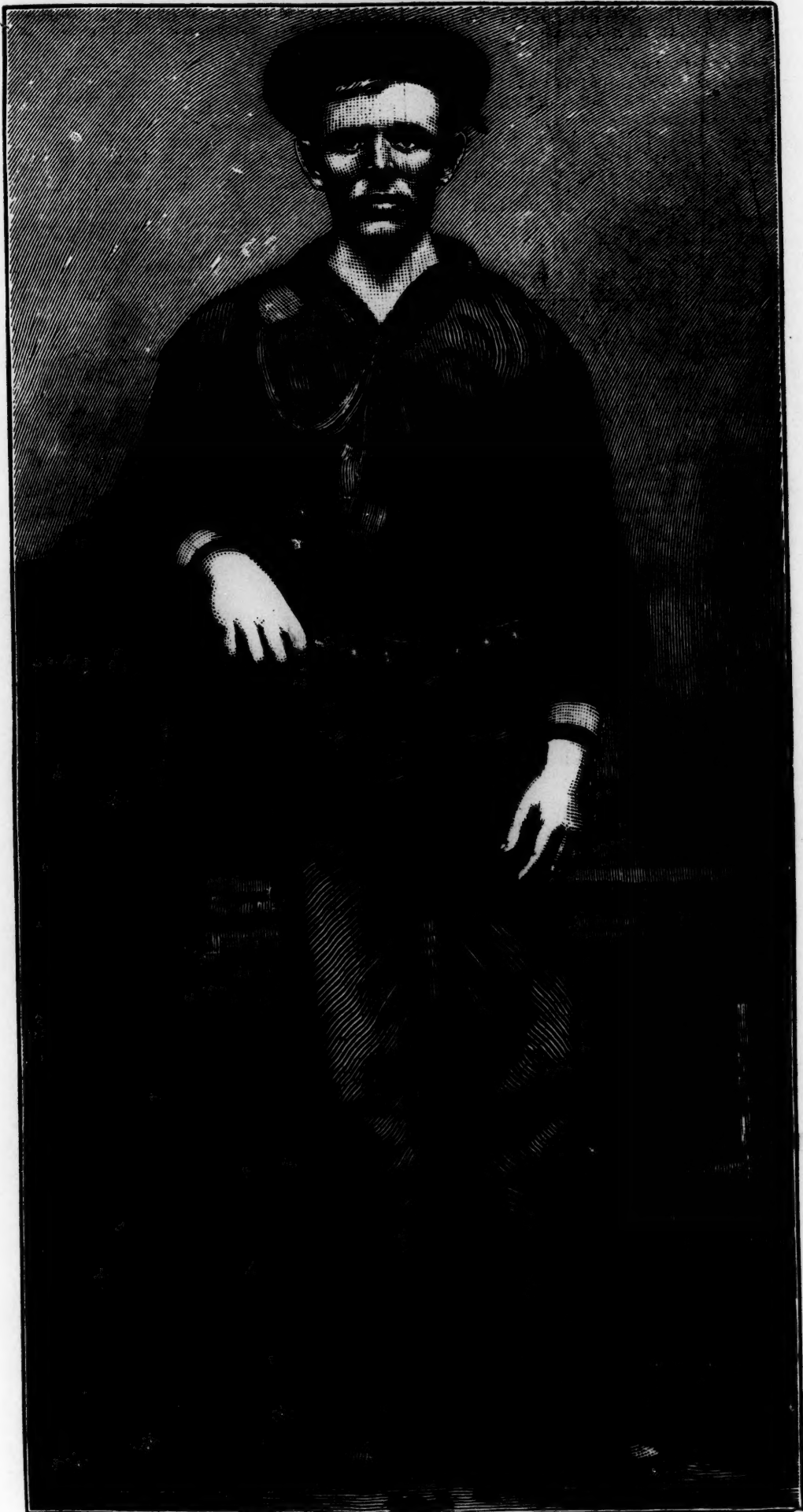
SMICKER,  
THE CELEBRATED FIGHTING DOG OWNED BY J. LANGAN OF BROOKLYN.



CHARLEY SAMUELS,  
THE QUEENSLAND SPRINT RUNNER.



MARTIN LOWE,  
AN ATHLETE OF SAN MIGUEL, CAL.



PAT. W. FAY,  
THE CHAMPION BOXER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.



## BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green  
Diamond of America's  
National Game.



M. T. Mattimore.

Whose portrait appears above is one of the promising young pitchers engaged by the New York club for the coming season. He is about 25 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. He comes from Reno, Pa., and commenced his baseball career as a professional in 1935, with the Jersey City club. He afterward played with the Trentons, and then drifted to the Oswego, who sold him to the Utics, with whom he was playing when secured by the New Yorks.

The new rules are no good.  
A base hit for a base on balls is idiotic.  
McQuade is away off on balls and strikes.  
Bill Crowley has dropped anchor in New Haven.  
The bases stolen on Jack Milligan are few and far between.

The Athletics have caught on to a good one in Tommy Poorman.

In Kelly the Bostonians have secured the boss kicker of the arena.

The Chicagoans took very kindly to Bobby Caruthers at Indianapolis.

Denny carried Indianapolis by storm the very first game he played.

The New Yorks will be in great luck if they finish as high as fourth.

The Brooklyn people are well pleased with the work of their pet club.

The Interstate Commerce Bill makes the club managers squirm like eels.

The managers will soon be dropping their surplus material like hot cakes.

Anson, as usual, is turned up smiling, with his Chicago team as strong as ever.

Haverhill was well enough pleased with Haley, but they did not fancy his distillery.

The Philadelphiaans are weak where the New Yorks are strong, and that is at the bat.

Giving a batsman his base on five balls and calling it a base hit is far from being scientific ball playing.

Kansas City was a trifle behind the age in its bid for McGinnis and Dolan. "Ellick" had his trip for nothing.

Some one must be fond of the ladies in Cleveland, as every day is ladies' day when the ball club plays at home.

Financially the Southern trip of the Detroit club was a dead failure. They got plenty of practice but no "mon."

The New Yorks have put in their spring by playing baby clubs. Is it not time they showed what they are made of?

Gifford is in trouble again. He either does not know how to handle a club or else he is the unluckiest man in the world.

Big Anson is satisfied that Darling is a darling in every sense of the word, as he is slugging the ball for all it is worth.

The American Association race this season is going to be a corker, as the clubs are splendidly equalized in playing strength.

The Cincinnati "Enquirer" has changed its tactics and is becoming disgustingly complimentary toward the Cincinnati club.

The championship comes high, but the New Yorks will have it if they have to spend a whole dollar in strengthening up the team.

When a clerk gets too big a head it generally goes into the basket, and that is what should be done with many of the ball players.

Three thousand people almost broke their hearts laughing at Jack Lynch's gigantic bluff at the Polo Ground April 12, when the Metropolitans were playing the New Yorks. Jack hit a long foul ball to the left field. It was the longest hit he ever made in his life, and as Jack is not one of the kind to lose a golden opportunity, he took off his hat and did the fastest run-

ning he was ever known to do. He went around the bases as though the devil was chasing him, and the louder the umpire yelled foul the faster Jack ran. He arrived at third base, panting like an engine blowing off steam, and when called in by the umpire his indignation was beyond description. It was so ridiculous that everybody held their sides and roared.

Henry, of the Newark, is one of the few slugging pitchers of the country. There are many hungry eyes on him, even at this early stage of the season.

Buck Ewing is a good batter and occasionally plays a fine game at second base, but in the long run he is not to be compared to old "Move-up Joe."

There will be no end to exploded phenomenalisms this season, when the big hitters get down to their work, aided by the new rules, which handicap even the best of pitchers.

The quiet little row which has been going on for some time past between the directors of the Kansas City club has been amicably settled by Director McKinnis stepping down and out.

If some one would only give the New Yorks a good third baseman, and lend them a second baseman to play when Gerhardt is laid off, the team might make a reasonable showing.

The Bostonians are playing ball in great shape, and the chances are that they will keep all of the League clubs guessing in a pretty lively style this season, if they keep up their present gait.

Wiman is beginning to see what a mistake he made in parting with his Indians. Reischlager never batted, caught and threw to bases better than he is doing this year for Cleveland.

Men who heretofore could not hit a balloon, now rank as leading batsmen under the new rules; being good waiters, they generally average three or four hits a game, without touching the ball.

Dave Egler has given baseball up as a bad job. He was a ratter in his day, but these young fellows that spring up each year give the old "uns such a brisk chase that they have to look for other business.

There were just about twenty thousand people ready to eat Sheriff Mitchell last Sunday for stopping the baseball games in Queens county. It knocked the Brooklyn club out of a nice round sum, as the Mets are a great drawing card in the city of churches.

The Jersey City club have not made much of an improvement by jumping from the Eastern to the International League, as their old associates, the Bridgeports, recently took the conceit out of them to the tune of 6 to 0. If this is the way the Jersey men are going to play ball they will land good tail-enders.

It has been so many years since Davy Force commenced playing ball that even the oldest inhabitants say he dates back beyond their earliest childhood recollections. As near as can be ascertained he made his debut about 1720. He is playing in the Southern League this season, as the Northern climate is a trifle too cold for him.

Manager Wright of the Philadelphia club is negotiating for the sale of about six of his men. It is to be hoped that he has a good third baseman that he can sell cheap to the management of the New York club. His kindness will be looked upon as an act of charity by the appreciative New York public, who really have the interest of the club at heart.

It is rumored that Bancroft has been figuring with Mutrie for a game between the Athletics and New Yorks at the Polo Grounds. Can it be possible that the New Yorks are actually going to play one good club before the season opens? We have been treated to so many exciting games between the "splints" that the announcement is the most decayed form of a chestnut.

The most amusing thing that has occurred on the Brooklyn ball field this season was the work of Bill Phillips on Saturday last, when he stole from first to second base. He looked like a massive freight train propelled by about ten or twelve steam engines. Seven thousand spectators shouted themselves hoarse, while Billy Holbert, the Mets' catcher, could not throw the ball to second for laughing at Phillips' audacity at posing as a base runner.

Columbia College is deeply indebted to Manager Mutrie, and they should be truly grateful for the able manner in which he coached the college boys this spring. The faculty and students celebrated the centennial of the college Wednesday week. The college was founded April 13, 1787, and April 13, 1937, the great gala day of the college took place. Manager Mutrie trained the boys so thoroughly that, notwithstanding their defeat of 28 to 1 at the hands of the Brooklyn and 35 to 9 by the Newark, they were able to rally in time to defeat the New Yorks 8 to 7 upon the day of their great celebration. Mutrie is a

straightforward, honorable man, devoid of all trickery, and would not tell a falsehood for a cartload of George Washington's little hatchets. He is an honor to the community, the pride of the city, and in 1937, when everybody else will have passed away and been forgotten, Mutrie's bust will be found upon a pedestal at Columbia College in honor of the great victory the big college team won from Manager Mutrie's "much overrated" little giants of New York city. It was an event which will be referred to with pride April 13, 1937, when the second centennial of Columbia College is celebrated.

The League has obtained a noble specimen of humanity in John Wilson, one of their staff of official umpires. This gentleman has proven his efficiency by making the statement "that it was only guesswork on the part of the umpire in calling balls and strikes." If this is the kind of stuff our judges are made of, then, indeed the poor player is to be pitied. There must be a screw loose somewhere, when men of this ilk are taken in preference to old and experienced men like Jack Connelly and Grace Pierce.

"New York's Giants are hitting the ball in great style. Roger Connor, Gore, Ewing, O'Rourke, Ward, Dorgan and the others will make Detroit's pitchers very tired."—New York World. They failed to make Stovey, the only professional pitcher they faced, very tired.—Sporting Life. They have also to make an explanation as to just how they came to get beaten by that insignificant amateur club, before they aspire to "make the Detroit pitchers very tired." The New Yorks have really shown no marked ability this spring, nor have they been confronting clubs of any special merit, outside of the Newark and Metropolitans.

George Munson says that the St. Louis Browns will invade the flabby lobbies of the Chicago club upon the green diamond next fall, when the Browns will literally mop the sward with their panting hulks; chew them up and spit them out; break them in two and drive them down in the mud; hew them in twain and scatter their remnants to the winds; paralyze, pulverize and macerate them; in short, so utterly annihilate Spalding's pets that the base-ball players which knew them before will never no more know them again thereafter. The Chicagoans may as well make all the preliminary arrangements for their funeral obsequies next fall. Great are the St. Louis Browns, and George Munson is their prophet.—Phil. Sunday Dispatch.

Chris Von der Ahe was tickled away up his back over the Browns winning the world's championship series last fall. He was so carried away with the ability of his team that he unhesitatingly accepted Spalding's challenge for a spring series. Chris had an idea that he could "do it again," but in this respect he got badly left. The Chicago won the series in a canter and the Tentative President of the St. Louis Browns is just beginning to realize the position he has placed his club in. The Browns held the world's championship during the winter months when there was no money in it, but when the spring opened the wary Spalding got in his fine work, and will prove a big drawing

card all summer on the strength of the style in which they sewed up the crack club of the American Association.

Charley Mason tells a good joke on himself. Not long ago he was invited out to a swell dinner party. He sat almost directly opposite the hostess, and was painfully conscious that every move he made could be observed by her. Suddenly the genial Charley came across a caterpillar in his salad. A furtive glance at the hostess disclosed the fact that she, too, had discovered the embarrassing circumstance. It was a critical moment, but the Athletics' pet was equal to the occasion. Without changing a muscle he gathered up the caterpillar with a forkful of salad and swallowed both! The look of gratitude which he received from the hostess a few minutes later warmed the very cockles of his heart. Recently Manager Bancroft asked Mason how he liked caterpillar salad, and the reply came like a hot-shot: "Do you take me for a man who would spoil a dinner-party for a little thing like a caterpillar?"—Phil. Dispatch.

There is nothing so refreshing as a good bluff, but the worst specimen that has ever been perpetrated on the public was the gag C. P. Caylor got off in the National Daily Baseball Gazette of April 17. It read as follows: "The demands which came in last night from the news agencies in and around New York City, were so heavy that they absorbed all of the original edition. A later edition was run off as soon as this was discovered, but it was too late for distribution to the out-of-town news agencies. This will explain why the Gazette's first issue failed to reach the news-readers of quite a number of cities west, north and south. The failure to reach all our friends with the initial number is to be regretted. It shall not occur again." We happened to be fortunate enough to secure a copy of the initial number, and it is without an exception the worst abortion that has ever been produced under the head of a newspaper. His editorial apology is entirely unnecessary, for had that edition reached the dealers it would have been a death blow to his enterprise, as there is not a dealer in the country who would have the unmitigated gall to ask any person to pay five cents for such a beastly-looking sheet. No, no! they would rather take their chances of State prison for an out-and-out robbery.

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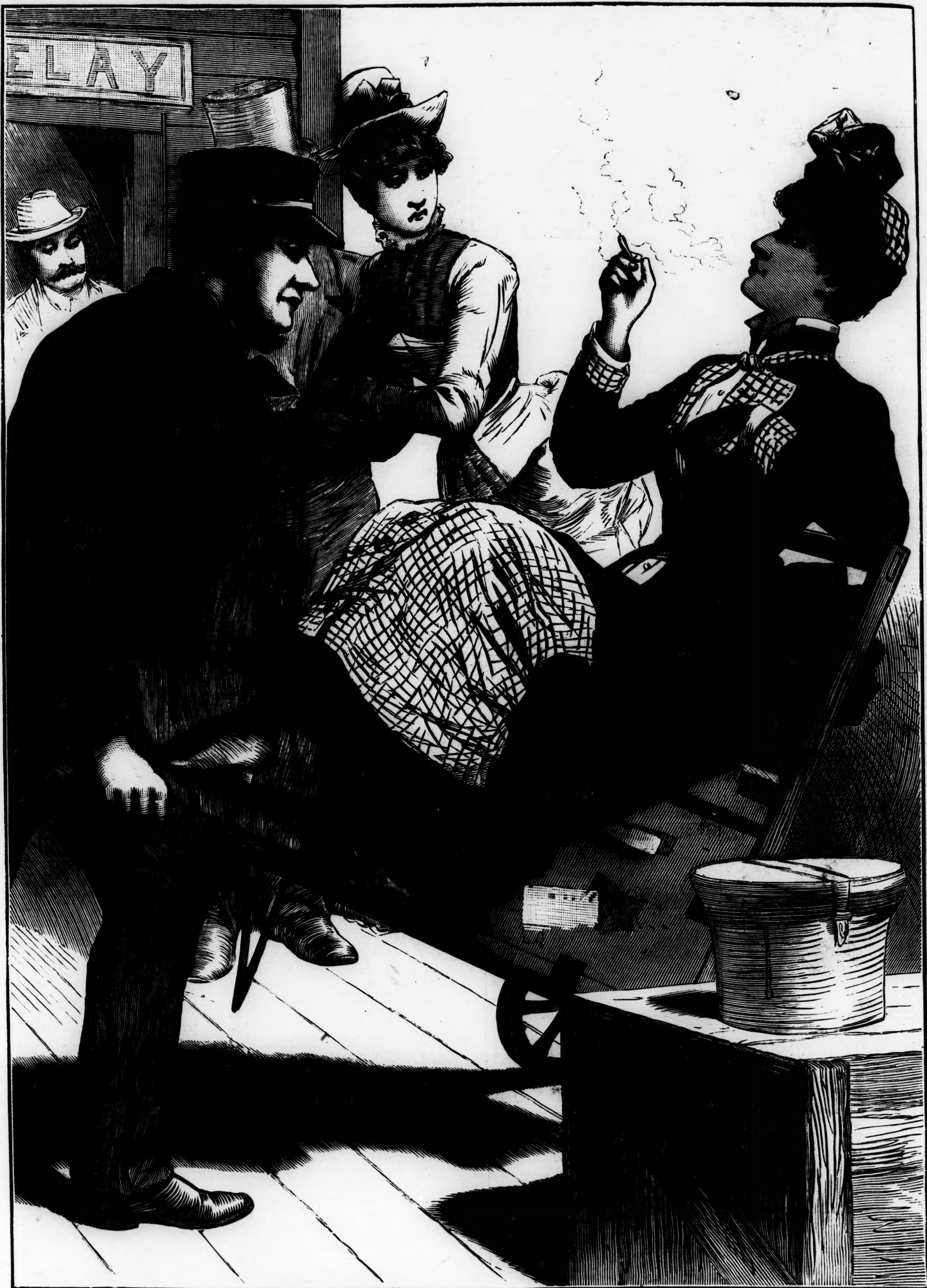
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